Sir Salomon;

OR, THE

Cautious Coxcomb:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at His Royal Highness the Duke of *York's*

THEATRE.

by mr Carell.

[John Carylle]

LONDON:

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the *Blew Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1671.

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The Prologue.

YOu, that frequent the Stage, must needs allow
The Sect of Poets their Fanaticks too:
How could so many else their Gifts impart
In spight of Nature, and in scorn of Art?
All tedious Methods we cut short, and grow
Poets and Saints, by thinking, we are so:
A strong Faith does the business, and the place
Of VVit supplies in those, in these of Grace.
Their Muse, and Spirit differ but in Name;
VVith equal Rage, all, but themselves they damn:
When either carries on the Work oth' Day,
'Tis a Stage-Sermon, or a Pulpet-Play:
Both Trade in Lofty-Sounds, and can Dispense
VVith the Formalities of Wit and Sense.
The Stars at their Nativity did Reign
VVith a Malignant Influence o're the Brain,
Leaving it dry and shrunck, as Marrow-Bone,
Or Shell-fish dwindle in a waning-Moon:
And therefore our Fore-Fathers wisely said,
A perfect Poet was born such, not made.
Nor is our Saint less Privileg'd by Birth;
For though some Virtuosi may hold forth,
That Eggs, when first they drop, are not laid addle,
Yet both our Twins came Gifted from the Cradle.
Their Brains are stumm'd, and in a constant Huffe;
And what workes out, is Froth, and Humming-Stuffe.
But, we allow, these Insects are not bred
Alwayes from VVind, and Hollowness ith' Head;

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Sometimes an empty-ſtomach does infuſe
The Canting-ſpirit, and the ſcribling-Muſe:
And thus ſome ſharply VVrite for a Third Day,
And ſome for Sundayes-Pudding Preach, and Pray.
But, when we Preachers *name, thoſe, who contemn*
The Laws, we mean, and whom the Laws condemn:
And, when we talke of Poets, *only they*
Of his low Forme are meant, who vamp'd this Play;
VVhich wants of Gyant-VVit the brawny-ſtrength,
And is but Punchinello *drawn at length.*

The Perſons.

SIr *Salomon Single.*
Mr. *Single*, his Son.
Mr. *VVoodland.*
Mr. *Peregreen*, his Son.
Mr. *VVary.*
Mr. *Barter*, an *Indy*-Merchant.
Sir *Arthur Addell.*
Mrs. *Julia*, Daughter to *Wary.*
Mrs. *Betty*, Daughter to *Barter.*
Timothy, Sir *Salomon*'s Steward.
Ralph, } Servants of Sir *Salomon*, and Attendants on
Alice, } Mrs. *Betty.*
2 *Foot boyes*, *Conſtable* and *VVatch.*
Roger, *Wary*'s Man.
Harry, *Woodland*'s Man. A *Nurſe.*

The SCENE *LONDON.*

Sir Salomon;

OR, THE CAUTIOUS COXCOMB:

A

COMEDY:

The First Act.

Enter Sir Salomon Single, *and* Timothy *his Servant.*

Sir *Salom.* TImothy.

Timot. Sir.

Sir *Salo.* Are the Writings ingroſt, and ready for Sealing?

Timot. Yes Sir; juſt now I ſaw the Wax clapt on.

Sir *Salo.* 'Tis well. But prethee tell me, What ſaid my Lawyer to this ſettlement of my Eſtate?

Timot. In troth I fear your Worſhip will be diſpleas'd, ſhould I tell you his ſenſe of it.

Sir *Salo.* No, no: I love to hear Fooles ſpend their Grave Fopperies: 'Tis the divertiſement of my life to laugh at their Folly.

Timot. Truly, Sir, he ſeems to be of opinion, that your ſettlement is not good in Law.

Sir *Salo.* How? not good in Law? That's pleaſant; when he himſelf drew up the Writings.

Timot. The defect lies not in them (I only ſpeak his words) but in your Worſhip: For (ſayes he) it will be ſtrongly preſum'd, that whenever you Seal ſuch a Conveyance, you are not *Compos Mentis* (you underſtand me, Sir:) It being impoſſible, that any man in his right Sences ſhould throw away his whole Fortune upon an unknown Woman; who, by all ſigns and tokens will be deem'd no better then your Concubine; and at the ſame time diſinherit an only Son, who has ſo fair an eſteem in the World.

Sir *Salo.* Let the Fool pleaſe himſelf with his Scrupulous Fancies. *Timothy*, there was a neceſſity of this Fellows Suſpition, and Wonder: For, had I nam'd her in the Deed, as my Wife, and expreſt a conſideration of Marriage, my whole Deſign might have taken vent, and ſo miſcarry'd: For 'twere unreaſonable to expect, that a Lawyer, whoſe Trade is Talking, ſhould keep ſilence: And ſhould my caſt-off Son have ſmelt the deſign, his Wants and Deſpair would have left no ſtone unmov'd to diſappoint it. Beſides, in ſetling my Eſtate on her, I run no hazard of prejudicing my ſelf; For when I Seal the Writings, I'le Seal her too for my Wife; And then, if we have Children———

Timot. That is; when your Worſhip has Seal'd, and ſhe's deliver'd———

Sir *Salo.* No quibling, good *Timothy*———Then, I ſay, who but they, ſhould inherit my Eſtate: If we have none; at leaſt my Rebel Son is out o' dores, and ſhe, who has my Heart, has my Eſtate.

Timot. I muſt confeſs, the ſecret Conduct of this Deſign is very admirable; For, Sir, I think, ſhe her ſelf, who to morrow muſt be your Lady, is hitherto no leſs kept in ignorance both of your

your Name and Quality, then all the reſt of your neareſt Servants, and Relations are of her Perſon, and your reſolution to Marry her.

Sir *Salo.* O *Timothy:* The Art of Secrecy is the Secret of the World. 'Tis the Rudder, that ſilently governs the whole Bulk of Human affairs. A Secret well kept, like Powder cloſe ramm'd, does certain execution, when ever you give Fire with a juſt aime. Therefore have I kept and educated this tender Virgin in ſo private and remote a Quarter of the Town; Therefore have I diſguis'd my Perſon under a borrow'd name to her, and thoſe Servants I plac'd about her, that it ſhould not be in the power of any body to acquaint the World with my Deſign.

Timot. But (with your Worſhips leave) I am afraid the World will judge hardly of you, for abandoning thus your only Son, and making him an utter ſtranger to your Blood and Eſtate.

Sir *Salo.* The World's an Aſs, and ſo is doubly he
Who incommodes himſelf to humour fools.

Timot. But, Nature, Sir———

Sir *Salo.* Nature! What's that? 'Tis the blind ſide of our Reaſon; the ſoft place in our Souls. Children owe all to Parents, but there lies no Obligation on the Parents ſide: or, if there did, when Sons Rebellious prove, thoſe Bonds are Cancell'd.

Timot. I muſt not doubt your Juſtice; But, Sir, 'tis your misfortune, to treat him ill, of whom the World ſpeaks well.

Sir *Salom.* Who Courts Opinion, is a Slave to Slaves;
And gives up Liberty and Happineſs
To be controld by every idle Breath.
Let my young Maſter cramm himſelf, and ſwell
With the Worlds empty Praiſe;
'Twill do him juſt as much good, as the vain Reproches of looſe Tongues will do me hurt.
Timothy, call in all my Servants; for now
I intend to publiſh my Wedding, that they may accordingly know their duty. [*Timothy whiſles.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Servant.* Sir, my young Maſter came this morning———

Sir *Salom.* *laying his Man over the pate.* } Slave! your young Maſter? Am I grown old? Or have you any Maſter but my ſelf? All you that eate my Bread, this warning take,
That he, who was my Son, is no more ſo:
And, Who dares own the Perſon I diſcard?
In place of him I will a Virgin bring,
Vertuous, and young, under my Roofe to morrow,
To be your Miſtriſs, and my Wife:
For whoſe Reception you muſt all prepare,
Each in his Office———Now you may withdraw.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Mr. Wary, *and his Man* Roger.

My Friend, and Neighbour, Mr. *Wary*!

Wary. Sir *Salomon Single*; moſt happily met!

Sir *Salo.* You are the very Perſon I wiſh'd for; for I have a buſineſs of Conſequence, which I long to communicate with you.

Wary. Then, Sir, we meet upon even termes; for 'tis a matter of no ſmall moment, which brought me hither to find you out.

Sir *Salo*, Mutual ſatisfaction is a double Joy———*Timothy*, follow your Orders, and prepare every thing, as I directed.

Timo. But, Sir, as to the——— [*He offers to whiſper.*

Sir *Salo.* Mr. *Wary*, I beg your leave to give a ſhort diſpatch in a word or two to my Steward.

Wary. Pray uſe your freedom. [*Sir* Salo. *and* Timothy *whiſper.* *Roger*, you may now go about your buſineſs; for, (as I told you) I have diſcover'd a ſecret traffick of Love between my Daughter and this Knights Son: And now muſt I take my kew from him; and by feeling his Pulſe and Temper, faſhion my Countenance accordingly on the Proceeding of our young Lovers. If the Father will own his Son in the Match, I have my wiſhes

in

in having ſo rich an Heir for my Son in Law. But, if he, who has the Means, and Power in his Hands, prove Reſty, my young Gallant muſt be ſhuck off———

Sir *Salo.* Now, Mr. *Wary*, I am at your ſervice.

[*Exeunt* Timothy *and* Roger.

Wary. Faith, Sir, my Buſineſs with you is the old Buſineſs of Mankind; Love, and Matrimony. For, to tell you truely, though the matter has been cloſely carry'd, yet I have ſmelt out the Rat.

Sir *Salo.* I proteſt, Sir, y'are a man of quick ſenſe, and rare intelligence: For, I thought it impoſſible, that you, or any man living could have known it ſo ſoon.

Wary. We have all quick Eyes in things that concern us. Well, Sir; ſince you need not my inſtruction in this buſineſs, pray deal freely with me: How does it reliſh with you?

Sir *Salo.* A pleaſant queſtion! Sure I am not ſo much a fool, as to make that my choice, which I diſreliſh.

Wary. Was it then your Choice? Let me embrace my dear Sir *Salomon.* [*He embraces him.*

Sir *Salo.* You amaze me (Sir) with this exceſs of kindneſs: Pray, is ſhe any kin to you?

Wary. I'm fouly deceiv'd, if ſhe be not. I ſee you are merry (Sir) to ask ſuch queſtions.

Sir *Salo.* Sure the Man is frantick! [*Apart.*

Wary. But Sir, (Drollery a part) lets come ſeriouſly to the buſineſs. Firſt, I aſſure you, ſhe ſhall not want a Fortune anſwerable to your Eſtate and Family; Provided, that you make Settlements for Jointure, Maintenance, and other matters proportionably.

Sir *Salo.* What is't you ſay? Shall ſhe not want a Portion equal to my Condition, and Fortune? This is an Extravagance of Kindneſs too mighty for my Faith! ſhe only wanted a Fortune: For in all other Attractives ſhe anſwers my expectation (which is no common one.) But, pray Sir, ſatisfie me a little, how long y'ave known her, and how near ſhe is related to you.

Wary. Can any man in his right Wits ſeriouſly ask ſuch queſtions? Is ſhe not my Daughter?

Sir *Salo.* Ha?

Sir *Salo.* Ha? Your Daughter?——Have I all this while rear'd up a Baſtard-Slip of his to graft upon? [*Apart.*

Wary. Sir *Salomon!* What's the matter? Have I ſaid any thing to give you diſturbance?

Sir *Salo.* Pray, Sir, Was ſhe begot in lawful Wedlock?

Wary. Hai! What time of the Moon is this?——

Sir *Salo.* I knew her to be poor, and I thought her Fatherleſs; And I lik'd her the better: But with all this, to Marry a Baſtard, is too much. [*Apart.*

Wary. The Man is certainly Diſtracted.——Sir, I perceive you are not well; Shall I call ſome of your People to you? [*Apart.*

Sir *Salo.* Pray, Sir, only ſatisfie me in theſe two ſhort Queſtions; Where does this Daughter of yours live? And when did you ſee her laſt?

Wary. Where ſhould ſhe live but in my Houſe? And I ſaw her within this half hour.

Sir *Salo.* Say you ſo? Then, Sir, let me adviſe you to go home, and the firſt thing you do, call a Doctor; for, take it from me, your condition is deſperate. This is the laſt degree of Madneſs! For, to my certain knowledge, you have not ſeen this Woman, whom you call Daughter, theſe two years.

Wary. In troth, Sir *Salomon*, it grieves my heart, that you are not in a condition to be diſcours'd withall; if you were, I could bring your Son, your own Fleſh and Blood to convince you, that this very morning he ſaw her in my Houſe, ſpoke to her there, and, what is more, (I think) made Love to her.

Sir *Salo.* My Son?——In what a Labrinth of Miſtakes have we wandred all this while? And was it his, and your Daughters blind Bargains, that you came to break my head withal? [*apart.*

Wary. Had it not been crackt before, 'twould ne'r have been broken now.—Pray do me the Favour to give me ſome private Marke, whereby I may know when I am to believe you: For did you not tell me juſt now, that you reliſh'd this Match as your own Choice?

Sir *Salo.* Still run Counter? Pray take up; and (if it be poſſible) lets both fall upon the right Sent. You talke of your Daughter, and her Gallant, don't you?

Wary. What

Wary. What elſe, Sir?

Sir *Salo.* And all this while my Diſcourſe has been of my own Affections: For, to morrow I reſolve to be a Married Man.

Wary. You a Marry'd Man! Was this the Miſtery? VVell, Sir, you have remov'd my miſtake; but, you have planted wonder in the roome on't, much greater then it.

Sir *Salo.* VVhy ſhou'd you wonder? I ſee you are of your Daughters, and her Lovers Party; and ſorry, their Sport is diſappointed.

Wary. Alaſs, Sir, you miſapprehend me every way. I only came to informe you of it; and to take my own meaſures from your liking, or diſliking of it; both which are indifferent to me.

Sir *Salo.* I thought, the VVorld had not been ignorant of my reſolutions concerning that Prodigal and Rebell of my Houſe, whom you call my Son: He ſhall have no more ſhare in my Eſtate, then he has in my affections; and thoſe he has utterly forfeited. But, if you think it expedient to take the out-caſt of my Family into yours, you may uſe your diſcretion.

Wary. Fear it not, Sir; I ſhall not purchaſe your ill-will ſo much to loſs. But, (pray) are you reſolv'd ſo ſuddenly to thruſt your Reverend head into the old Nooſe of VVedlock?

Sir *Salom.* To morrow's the day. *Jacta eſt alea.*

Wary. Faith, Sir, I think your undertaking as bold as his, who firſt ſaid ſo; but, (I fear,) not ſo fortunate. Y'ave a dangerous Rubicon to paſs over. Have you thought well upon't? For, in my judgment, To morrow is both too ſoon, and too late for you to accompliſh ſuch a reſolution.

Sir *Salo.* You perhaps (like the reſt of the VVorld) Judging others by their own ſcantling) may have reaſon for this Caution: But (thanks to the bounty of Nature) under theſe Aſhes there wants no Fire; Nor is the Oyle half ſpent in the Lamp.

Wary. You ſay very well: But, I have found by experience, there are two ſorts of People in the VVorld mightily given in their ſeveral wayes to boaſt of their Vallour, and both with cauſe

cauſe alike; Cowards, and Old Men. VVe two, (you know) ſtarted into the VVorld almoſt together; and, our eight and Fifty years a piece are now run off: For my own part, I ſhould think it an exceſs of raſhneſs in my ſelf, if, after ſo long a Race, I ſhould ſtill preſume ſo much upon my ſtrength, as to venture at the dangerous Leap of Matrimony.

Sir *Salo.* I grant ye, that ſome Men may be old at Thirty, and others young at Threeſcore; and what is my Phyſick, may be your Poiſon: and there's an end of this Diſpute.

Wary. But have you forgot, how ſevere a Critick y'ave alwayes been upon the Diſaſters of poor Husbands? Now ſhould the perſon you Marry, not think you ſo young, as you think your ſelf, are you not afraid of Circular Juſtice, of ſcurvy Ballats and Lampons?

Sir *Salo.* Had I been guilty of the Folly of other Husbands, in the Choice of their VVives, I might then have fear'd, and deſerv'd their Fate;

But I grown wiſe at the expenſe of others.
Have choſe a piece of Native Innocence,
Unſully'd by the VVorlds corrupting Aire;
VVhoſe Beauty, and whoſe Vertues void of Art:
Her have I rear'd, and fitted for my uſe,
And taught her all the Duties of a VVife:
Like Virgin-wax, ſhe wears no other Stamp,
But what my own Inſtructions have impreſt.
Then judge, how happy, and ſecure I am.

Wary. Pray, Sir, what lucky Star directed you to the diſcovery of this Treaſure?

Sir *Salo.* That (Sir) I owe to Fortune: For in a Country-Farme I firſt ſaw her, and read it in her looks, that Heaven had not deſign'd her for that place: And being informed ſhe was a Merchants Daughter, who had miſcarry'd at Sea, and before his Voyage had put her to Nurſe there, I eaſily prevailed with the Old VVoman of the Houſe, who was my Tenant, to reſign her Charge to me. I took her, as a Preſent ſent from Heaven to make the reſt of my dayes comfortable, and happy. For two years together I have train'd her up my ſelf, making it my buſineſs to preſerve her in her primitive innocence, and ſimplicity:

ſimplicity: And, leſt the contagion of ill company ſhould infect the original candour of her nature with the leaſt tincture of malice, I have plac'd two Servants about her, the honeſteſt and ſimpleſt, I could find out.

Wary. But how will ſo much ſimplicity be a Match for the wiſdom of Sir *Salomon?* Can ſuch extremes meet with delight?

Sir *Sal.* I pitty your ignorance; ſearch the Records of Time, and by all Examples, old, and modern, you ſhall ſtill find it true, that wit in woman is the Bawd of Vice:

Who of the Sex had ever fame of wit,
That was not famous to the other way?

Wary. Fy, Sir *Salomon*; y'are too Satyrical; and too ſingular in your Judgment. For my part, were I to chuſe a Wife (be ſhe honeſt, or be ſhe otherwiſe) I ſay, let her have Wit; for that will either protect her Honeſty, or conceal her Frailty.

Sir *Salo.* Well, Sir; I have no time at preſent to proſecute this argument, and make you ſenſible of the folly, and danger of your Principles; Only, as a friend, I muſt adviſe you to have a care of your Daughter; for ſhe (I hear) is a Wit.

Wary. I thank you, Sir: And (to return your kindneſs) let me counſel you to look well to your Wife; for, by your own confeſſion, ſhe wants wit to look to her ſelf.

Sir *Salo.* 'Tis my Maxim ſo to do; and ſhould be yours: In order to your Converſion, pray come to morrow to my Wedding: Perhaps, Example may be more prevalent with you, than Precept. However I have done a Friends part; And after all, if a miſchance ſhould happen in your Family, there is a Saying, that the Diſaſter of Fools does reward the Circumſpection of the Wiſe.

Wary. I'll not fail you at your Wedding Dinner; And to requite your Proverb, take heed, leſt to morrow it prove true, That Fools make Feaſts, and Wiſe-men eat 'em. Farewel.

Sir *Salo.* Farewel.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Enter Mr. Single *and* Julia.

Single. Ah, Madam! How can I hope, that you ſhould be conſtant in your love to him, to whom Fortune is ſo conſtant in her hatred?

Julia. I ſhall not make the Injuſtice of Fortune my Preſident: But what I have often told you, I now repeat; nothing but your jealous humour has the power to make me inconſtant.

Single. 'Tis of my Stars and of my Deſtiny,
That I am jealous (Madam) not of you.
When with a Father all the world conſpires
To caſt me down; what Vertue is ſo firm,
As to ſupport a Man ſo weakly built,
So potently aſſaulted?

Julia. This very Doubt is more unjuſt to me,
Than all your Fathers Cruelty to you.
Your want of Means, and Friends
My love can pardon, and (perhaps) ſupply;
But your Miſtruſts I never will forgive.
Theſe early miſts upon our morning love
Shew, that a ſtormy day will follow.

Single. Madam, theſe little miſts before my eyes
Are, but the ſmoke, which from Lov's fire do's riſe:
Nor can your Reaſon that calm Lover chuſe,
Who, what he loves, is not concern'd to looſe.

Julia. Rather, than him with furious doubts poſſeſt,
Who (ſtill allarum'd) gives, and takes no reſt.

Single. Unjealous Love is a degenerate thing,
A feeble, lazy Drone without a ſting:
Nor is it glorious ſuch tame Heards to ſway;
The generous Lyon muſt your will obay.

Julia. Brave Subjects! Proſtrate at my feet they lye
To day, to morrow in my face they fly.

Single. Love, and Rebellion inconſiſtent are.
But, Madam, let's compoſe this amorous war;
Which ſwells the number of your Victories,
Making your Wit as conquering, as your Eyes.

Enter

Enter Mr. Wary.

Wary. Mr. Single; well met. ———Nay, be not ſtartled. I am now glad to ſee you; and to ſee you in the company of my Daughter.

Single. Sir, you ſurpriſe me with a happineſs unlook't for in this unuſual kindneſs of your expreſſions———

Wary. Hold, Sir; I would not have you diſappointed in your expectation by promiſing your ſelf too much. My deſire of ſeeing you now was to let you know in her hearing, that I have taken notice of your late frequent reſort to my houſe: And, though according to my inclination, my doores ſhould never be ſhut to a perſon of your merit, yet (as matters ſtand) you muſt excuſe me, if I preferre the Intereſt of a Child before the Concern of an Acquaintance. Sir, to be ſhort; I know your conſtant Viſits imply your Addreſſes to my Daughter: And, ſince your Father is reſolv'd to make you a ſtranger to his Eſtate, I muſt entreat you henceforth to be a ſtranger to my Houſe; for (to deal freely with you) no Deſerts (though never ſo great) attended with poverty, can ſatisfie the care of a Parent in the diſpoſal of his Daughter.

Single. Ah Sir! will you be my Father's Second in his unjuſt cruelties towards me?———

Wary. Sir, I will have no Argument in this caſe; nor put a Father's Right into diſpute. Farewel. Daughter, I deſire your company. *Exeunt* Wary *and* Julia.

Single. Fortune! thy malice is ſo ſpent on me,
That thou haſt now diſarm'd thy crueltie:
But I forgive thee; thou (*alas!*) art blind;
Since Nature, that has eyes, proves more unkind:
Of foreign wrongs can I reſent the ſmart,
Deſtroy'd by him, of whom I am a part?
If he, that made, and ſhould preſerve me too,
His work undoes, what may not ſtrangers do?

Enter Sir Arthur Addel.

Sir Art. Add. Dear Mr. *Single!* have I met you at laſt? I vow, it has coſt me five good ſhillings in Coach-hire to find you out.

Single. Pray, leave me; I am not at leiſure.

Sir Art. Add. Leave my dear *Single?* Not for a world.

Single. Pray, Sir, forbear: I tell you, I am buſie.

Sir Art. Add. Buſie? ſo much the better: Of all men living I love buſineſs, and hate idle fellows.

Single. Sir, if you will not releaſe me, I ſhall be forc'd to make my eſcape.

Sir Art. Add. What? flie from thy Friend? ſure, ſome melancholy Devil does poſſeſs thee.

Single. No, Sir; I am not poſſeſt, but I find, I am haunted. Pray, let me begg it of you, as a kindneſs, or an Alms, that you will leave me to my ſelf, and my occaſions, which at this preſent cannot poſſibly admit of your company.

Sir A. Add. No, Sir, no: I ſee, y'are in trouble; and I muſt not forſake my friend in Adverſitie.

Sing. } *apart.* My Stars have condemn'd me to all ſorts of Perſecution!

Sir *A. Ad.* Beſides, I muſt propoſe to you a buſineſs of weighty conſequence, in which you muſt needs do me a kindneſs.—I ſee, you don't minde me. What are you thinking on? Unboſome your ſelf to a Friend.

Single. 'Faith, I am thinking, that the greateſt Plague of *Egypt* was that of Flyes, and Gnatts buzzing about their Eares.

Sir *A. Ad. Egypt!* Good Lord! How your thoughts ramble? Well; I muſt put you out of this Fitt of the Spleen. Come, prethee, let's go dine at *Chateline's*; and there I'le tell you my whole buſineſs.

Single. O, no Sir; I'le rather compound with you, and hear it now; provided, I may be quickly releas'd.

Sir *A. Ad.* Nay, as for brevity, and quickneſs of diſpatch, ther's no man upon the face of the Earth that loves it like me: 'Tis my Miſtriſs. I hate your prolixe Fellows: Long ſpeeches are death to me: And that's the reaſon why I never hear a

Sermon;

Sermon; nor a *Presbyterian-Grace*; nor a *French Tragedy*; nor a ——

Single. Hold, hold: Pray make your words good; and be not so long in the commendation of Brevity.

Sir A. Ad. Why, then to the Point. There is a certain Lady in this Town, with whom I am desperately and damnably in Love; And I want a good opportunity to tell her so. For (look ye) I take a business of this nature to be half done, when 'tis well propos'd. You (Mr. *Single*) are the only proper Person for me to employ in this Treaty; And, if you succeed in it, *Sir Arthur Addel* is yours for ever.

Single. Well, What's her Name?

Sir *A. Ad. Julia*; the fair Daughter of old *Wary*.

Single apart. Ha! *Julia?* What a storm he has rais'd in my blood? But the Fool is below my Jealousy, and resentment.

Sir *A. Ad.* Nay, prethee, dear *Single*, don't relapse into thy Melancholy Fit.

Single. No, Sir; I am only studying your Case: For (to deale friendly with you) there is much for you to consider in the business, which you take in hand; To my certain knowledge, there are at least a dozen Pretenders (all men of the Sword) to that Ladies favour: And, before you can have admittance to the place of a Suitor, you must dispute your entrance with every one of these; And that (you know) will be a long, and hazardous work.

Sir *A. Ad.* Are there so many of 'em (say you?) Why then they may have fighting work enough amongst themselves, and let others alone: 'Pox take 'em all, my business is not with them, but with the Woman.

Single. But Lovers, Sir *Arthur*, are (like *Argus*) all Eyes: And you can no more conceal your self to 'em, then walk invisible at noon day.

Sir *A. Ad.* Now, Is not this a damnable Custome, that a Man can no sooner love a pretty Woman, but he must presently be quarrelling and fighting with all that come near him. I wonder, how the Devil they can do't; For I can't be in Love and in Wroth too, all at once, for the heart of me.

Single. Where

Single. VVere all the VVorld of your benigne temper, I confeſs we ſhould enjoy the Bleſſings of Peace. But, Sir *Arthur*, as the caſe now ſtands, VVhat is it you wou'd have done?

Sir *A. Ad.* Hai?

Single. Conſider, conſider——This Fool well manag'd may prove uſefull to me.

Sir *A. Ad.* 'Faith, e'n let her go. VVhat ſhall a man be the better for a Miſtriſs, when his Throat is cut?

Single. How? Let her go, by no means, Sir. It ſhall never be read in Chronicle, that Sir *Arthur Addel* (my renowned friend) bawk'd a Miſtriſs for fear of Rivals. Come (Sir;) you ſhall truſt your Love and your Reputation in my hands; And all my Rhetorick ſhall ſerve you with your Miſtriſs, and my Sword againſt your Rivals.

Sir *A. Ad.* Dear *Single*, let me hugg thee, and kiſs thee. I vow now, I could be as kind to thee, as to my Miſtriſs. [*Embracing* Single.

Single. O, pray, Sir, reſerve your tenderneſs for her.

Sir *Art.* Ran, tan, tan. You, and I, (Mr. *Single*) will fight the proudeſt of 'em all: Nay, when I have a good ſecond o'my ſide, I can be as valliant as my betters.

Single. VVhy now, Sir *Arthur*, you ſpeak like a VVight, that wears not his Knighthood in vain. What a blemiſh had you caſt upon the whole Order, if you had tamely ſuffer'd your Miſtriſs to be ſnatcht from you by Rivals.

Sir *Art.* They ſnatch her from me? They ſhall eate her as ſoon. O! that I had but one of thoſe Rivals here now! Firſt would I make him begg his Life, and then kill him.

Single. Brave Sir *Arthur!* Now your Courage, like a Lion rows'd from ſleep, ſtretches out, and begins to roar: But you muſt have a great care to moderate this exceſs of Rage in the preſence of your Miſtriſs: For before her you muſt be a Lamb.

Sir *A. Ad.* Why there's the Devil on't again: I tell you, I ſhall never make both at once, a good Lyon, and a good Lamb too.

Single. I warrant you; 'Tis but giving your mind to't—— And, to loſe no time (for Lovers, I know, are in haſt) you ſhall preſently

preſently go about the Work; and, in the firſt place ask her Fathers conſent, who can never refuſe a Man of your Parts, and Eſtate. When this is done, I'le deliver you a Letter of Commendation for the young Lady, which you muſt put into her hands with all privacy, and circumſpection: For, ſecrecy in Love is as neceſſary as in Cabinet Counſels.

Sir *A. Ad.* I know that as well you ———

Enter Peregreen Woodland.

Sir *A. Ad.* Pox o'this troubleſome Fellow, that comes to diſturb us now. Methinks he has the Countenance of a Rival. My fingers itch to be at him.

Single. No, no.

Pereg. Dear *Single*!

Single. Peregreen Woodland! Y'are the moſt unlookt for Perſon, and the moſt wellcome to me in the World. I firmly believ'd that you had been now in *Italy*.

Pereg. Two Months ago I was there; And, 'tis much againſt my inclination, that I am not there now: But, Fathers muſt be obey'd.

Single. How long have you been in *England?*

Pereg. Some ten days; All which time I have made it my buſineſs to find you out; and now I owe that to Fortune, which I could not compaſs by my Induſtry.

Single. Aſſure your ſelf, that nothing, but my ignorance of your being come over, could have depriv'd me ſo long of your Company.

Pereg. I have a Letter here for your Father from mine; it contains buſineſs of importance, at leaſt, to me: For, it gives me credit for ſome Mony, which my occaſions at preſent ſtand in need of.

Single. Though I cannot introduce you to him for ſome reaſons, which I ſhall tell you hereafter, yet I'le direct you to a ſpeedy ſight of him: But firſt I muſt of neceſſity have an hours diſcourſe with you.

Pereg. With all my heart; and let it be over a Glaſs of Wine.

Single. Agreed.

Single. Agreed. But before we go, I must needs make you happy in the knowledge of the incomparable Sir *Arthur Addel.* I can assure you, he is a Rarity, which perhaps all your Travels cannot Match.

Pereg. I know, so fair a Superscription must needs be extraordinary in the Contents.

Sir *Arth.* Sir, for Mr. *Single's* sake you may command me.

Single. Well, Sir *Arthur*; you must not neglect your business. When y'ave dealt with the Father, give me notice of it; and let me alone with the Daughter: You may reckon her your own. [some.

Sir *A. Ad.* As sure, as Chick in Pouche, or Lowse in Bo-
My Flames are raging; and who dares oppose 'em?
They soon shall thaw her Heart, though ne're so Icy;
Like *Julius Cæsar, veni, vidi, vici.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Second Act.

Enter Sir Salomon *and* Timothy.

Sir *Salo.* NOw *Timothy*, I have fully instructed you in all particulars. You may therefore go back to my own Lodgings: Be sure you forget not the Lisence, and the Parson.

Timo. I warrant you, Sir, but may I not have the happiness now to see my young Lady that must be to morrow.

Sir *Salo.* No, *Timothy*; 'Tis enough for the first time, that I acquaint you with the Lodging where she lies. Time is precious, and not to be spent in seeing sights: Away, make hast. [*Exit* Timothy.

Sir

Sir Saloman *knocks at Mrs.* Bettys *Lodging.*

Alice from within. Who's at Dore there?

Ralph looking out from the Belcony. Gods ſo, 'tis Maſter.

Alice. What? our new Maſter, that gave us Mony?

Ralph. No, no, our old Maſter *Evans*, that never gave us a Farthing. Why don't you open the door?

Alice. An't be he, E'en open it your ſelf: I am buſie,

Ralph. Are you ſo? why then ſo am I too.

Sir *Salo.* Sure they muſt needs hear me knock, for I can hear them gabbel: Ho; Whoſe within there?

Ralph *ſpeaks at the Belcony.*

Ralph. Sir, this Slut *Alice* won't open the dore.

Alice. Sir, this lazy Rogue *Ralph* won't let you in.

Sir *Salo.* Pretious Coxcombes; Open the Door quickly, or I'le make you both faſt this ſe'night from Beef and Pudding.

They both tumble down the ſtairs to the Door.

Alice. Stand off; I'le open it;

Ralph. You open it? You ſhall be hang'd firſt.

They break out at the door together.

Alice. 'Tis I (Sir) that let you in.

Ralph *lifts up his hand to ſtrike* Alice, *and in ſo doing hits off his Maſters Hat.*

Ralph. You lie: were it not in reſpect to Maſter *Evan's* Worſhip——

Sir *Salo.* Unmannerly Whelp!

Ralph. Cry you mercy (Sir) 'twas ſhe was the cauſe on't.

Alice. Was it ſo? becauſe I open'd the door firſt.

Sir *Salo.* Peace, both of you; Will you never arrive to Common ſence? Let no body ſpeak till I bid them—*Ralph*, come hither: What has your Miſtriſs done, ſince I ſaw her laſt?

Ralph *claps on his Hat three times, And his Maſter pulls it off as often.*

Ralph. Why, Sir, my Miſtriſs———my Miſtriſs———God be thanked———

Sir *Salo.* Rude Raskal! Who taught you to ſpeak to me with your Hat on?

Ralph. Indeed your Worſhip has Reaſon; I had forgot my ſelf.

Sir *Salo.* Go, call her down preſently. [*Exit* Ralph. Well, *Allice*; and was my *Betty* much troubled for my abſence?

Allice. Troubled? No.

Sir *Salo.* No?

Allice. O, yes Sir; Now I think on't; ſhe was troubled.

Enter Mrs. Betty *with her Work in her hand, and* Ralph.

Sir *Salo.* Why, this is now, as it ſhould be; with thy work in thy hand: Pretty Rogue; What ar't thou making there?

Mrs. *Betty.* A Coefe, and a Pinner, Sir. I have made an end of your Shirts, and your Night-caps.

Sir *Salo.* That's very well: For Idleneſs, *Betty*, is the Mother of all Evil; Come, give thy work to *Alice*; for thou and I muſt talke together. *Ralph*, fetch me out a Chair. And, Art thou grown perfect in thy Catechiſme?

Mrs. *Betty.* Yes (Sir) I can ſay it all without Book.

Ralph *brings in a Chair, and he and* Alice *go forth.*

Sir *Salo.* You two go in, and leave us alone———But, *Betty*, 'tis not enough to ſay it by Rote; you muſt print it in your heart;

heart; and make it your daily ſtudy and exerciſe; thereby to govern all the actions of your Life.

Sir Salomon *ſits down in the Chair.*

Betty, come nearer me——hold up thy head a little more—— So——Turn your Body a little this way——That's well: And whil'ſt I talke to thee, look up in my face——That's very well: Now, *Betty*, I muſt examine you a little, to ſee how you have profited in your Catechiſme; Firſt tell me, What you were made for?

Mrs. *Betty.* To be your Wife, forſooth.

Sir *Salo.* And what's the Duty of a Wife?

Mrs. *Betty.* To honour, and obey her Husband; and love no man but him.

Sir *Salo.* Now, What are the particular duties; which I expect from her, who is to be my Wife?

Mrs. *Betty.* Firſt, to watch and obſerve all the motions of your Eyes, and Countenance, and accordingly to ſtand, go, run, ſit ſtill, ſpeak, or be ſilent: Secondly, To deteſt and abhor going to *Court*, *Hide-Park*, *Mulberry-Garden*, or the *Play-Houſes*. Thirdly, To Viſit, and be viſited by none of a remoter degree, then an Uncle, or an Aunt; Fourthly, To write and receive no Letters, to accept and give no Preſents, but ſuch as you ſee, and allow of: Laſtly, To warm Napkins, make Cawdles, dreſs Iſſues, give Gliſters, and the like; ſtill remembring, that the office of a Nurſe inſeperably belongs to the duty of your Wife.

Sir *Salo.* Incomparable Girle? Thou haſt anſwered to admiration in all things concerning the vertues of a Wife; Now tell me, What, and how many are the deadly ſins, which ſhe ought carefully to avoid?

Mrs. *Betty.* They are ſeven.

Sir *Salo.* Which is the Firſt?

Mrs. *Betty.* Pride: For, a woman, that thinks too well of her ſelf, is apt to think better of another man, then ſhe does of her Husband.

Sir *Salo.* Very well. What's the Second?

Mrs. *Betty.* Covetouſneſs: For ſhe that Loves Mony over-much, will firſt pick her Husbands pockets, and at laſt be bought and ſold her ſelf.

Sir Salo. That's right: Now the Third.

Mrs. *Betty.* Letchery, ——— Pray (Sir) What's that? For you have no Annotations upon it in all your Catechiſme.

Sir Salo. Pretty Simplicity! O, *Betty*, That's a very Pawthing, and muſt not ſo much as be thought on, proceed to the Fourth.

Mrs. *Betty.* Anger: For Anger breeds Revenge; and a Wifes Revenge commonly lights upon the Husband's Head, and leaves dreadfull markes behind.

Sir Salo. The Fifth?

Mrs. *Betty.* Gluttony: For the Woman, that feeds high, requires more exerciſe, then is to be had within doors: And modeſt Wives ſhould ſeldome rainge abroad.

Sir Salo. Admirable well: I ſee, thou art ſo perfect in thy Leſſon, that I may ſpare my ſelf, and thee the Labour of a farther examination. Well, *Betty*, thou art my Maſter-piece; And ſhortly I intend to ſet thee forth as an Exact Modell, and Pattern to the World (which too much needs it) of a perfect, obedient Wife; In the mean time, we muſt repair to our ſeveral taskes, and prepare our ſelves; Thou to be happy, I to make thee ſo. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Mr. Wary, *and* Julia, *and* Roger.

Mr. *Wary.* Daughter, I had rather your own Reaſon, then my Juſtice in puniſhing you, ſhould make you ſenſible, how heinous the Crime of Rebellion is in a Child to a Parent; Have you not a freſh Example before your Eyes, in your Beggarly Gallant, turn'd out of Doors, and ejected from all Title, and Claime, which Nature gave him to a Fair Inheritance? and now become a mere Vagabond in the wide World? you know, it lies in my power to do, what his Father has done; I can marry again, and bring a ſecond Brood into the World to poſſeſs that Fortune, which you undeſerve: And, if you perſiſt in

your obſtinate paſſion for this Indigent-Lover, I am reſolved, You ſhall ee'n meet him upon equal termes.

Julia. Sir, I confeſs, all is in your power; And, as I need not be brib'd by the hopes of a plentifull fortune to do my duty; ſo 'tis in vain by frights and terrors to exact that from me, which lies not in my power to performe; the example in Sir *Salomons* Family is ſo odious a Preſident of tyranny in the eyes of the whole world, that I am ſure you can never make it your Pattern. And, Sir, give me leave, for your ſatisfaction and mine, to make you this ſolemn proteſtation, that I never will marry him, whom you like not, nor him, whom I love not.

Wary. Goſſip, your love ſhould follow my liking, not ramp before it.

It caſts a blemiſh on a' Virgin's name,
To own a voluntarie, unbid flame.
By your dead Mother you have oft been told,
That Maiden Breaſts, like ſnow, are white, when cold:
But, when the ſultrie breath of Love does blow,
All that is Dirt, which formerly was Snow.

Julia. Such paſſion I abhorre no leſs, than you,
As honour does not to our Sex allow;
But (Sir) unleſs by Love made ſoft, and light,
The yoke of Marriage all the world would fright:
And, if my Love in Wedlock-bands be forc'd,
Alas! I am not marry'd, but divorc'd.

Wary. Begone, my reaſons are but loſt on thee:
For no diſpute can cure Love's Hereſie. [*Exit* Julia.

Roger. Theſe young wenches, when the toy of love once takes them in the head, are like wild ungovern'd Colts, no Curb can hold them, no Fence can ſtop 'em. This obſtinate affection is ſo wedg'd into her mind, that there is no way to looſen it, but by driving in another.

Roger. That (Sir) may do it.

Wary. Could I but find a Fortune and a man according to my expectation, I would then make trial, what a Fathers power can do.

Enter

Enter Sir Arthur Addel *with a Paper.*

Sir Arthur. Tis he——By your leave, Sir: I have a Paper here in my pocket, which I muſt beg you to peruſe.

Wary. With all my heart (Sir) provided there be no thing of Petition, nor of Poetry in it.

Sir Arthur. No Fiction, I'll aſſure you: all the contents are true.

Wary reads. *A true Particular of the Eſtate of Sir* Arthur Addel *Knight*——What d'ee mean by this Sir? I am not prepared for a purchaſe.

Sir *Arthur apart.* What a dull old fool this is?——Why (Sir) having a buſineſs of importance to negotiate with you, this is my Letter of Recommendation.

Wary apart. It muſt be ſo: Heaven has ſent him in the nick of time to woo my Daughter——*Summa totalis* 1432 *l. per annum*, truly, Sir, your Letter has a very fair Subſcription: but ſtill the meaning of the Contents is ſo myſtical, that I know not how to anſwer it: Pray Sir explain.

Sir Arth. Thus 'tis (Sir) in ſhort: your Daughter (d'ee conceive me) wants a Husband; and I want a Wife (d'ee conceive me;) Now what are we born for in this world, but to ſupply one anothers wants? D'ee conceive me?

Wary. I marry (Sir) now you ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe: But this is a matter, which requires deliberation.

Sir Arth. Pox on deliberation: I am in haſte, and ſo perhaps is ſhe too.

Wary. Not ſo faſt. How do I know, that this is a true particular? And how do you know what Portion I ſhall give with my Daughter? and how do we both know, whether ſhe'll conſent to the bargain;

Sir Arth. Hang Portion, and Particulars: let our Lawyers wrangle about them; I am a known man of land, and ſo are you of money. Your buſineſs is to give me your conſent, and then let me alone with your Daughter.

Wary. You ſpeak very home: ſure (*Sir Arthur*) the world has done you a great deal of wrong in repreſenting you, as a

man

man of Parts, much inferior to thoſe, which I diſcover in you.

Sir Arth. And have you lived ſo long in the world, and do not know that 'tis the arrant'ſt lyer in nature?

Wary. Well Sir; to let you ſee, how little I believe it, I here give you my conſent (provided this be a true particular) to marry my Daughter; win her, and wear her.

Sir Arth. Thank you heartily, good Father *Wary*; for I reckon my ſelf now as good, as married: I know ſhe can no more refuſe me for a Husband, than you for a Son-in-law.

Wary. So (Sir;) I perceive you ſpeak the language of our young men of theſe times, who exceed all their Anceſtors in their good opinion of themſelves: The buſineſs is done, if my Daughter can think but half ſo well of your perſon, as you do.

Sir Arth. I vow (Sir) I am afraid of nothing, but that ſhe will be too fond of me: And I take it to be the worſt ſurfeit, that is, to be cloy'd with kindneſs.

Wary. If that be all your apprehenſion, fear nothing: I dare anſwer for her.

Sir Arth. See you be as good as your word: And (to loſe no more time) you may preſently let her know, how happy ſhe is in my affection: but let her know it gently, and by degrees, leſt too ſudden joy ſuffocate her ſpirits.

Wary. The danger is not great: however ſhe's beholding to you for your care; But (*Sir Arthur*) pray let me adviſe you, as a friend, to touch as little as you can upon this ſtring, when you make your addreſſes to her: For (perhaps) ſhe's as much infected with this ſelf opinion, as her neighbours; and ſhe'l be apt to tell you, that Pride is a Vice in men, but Vertue in a woman.

Sir Arth. You need not tell me, what I am to ſay, or do; but, if you will needs be tutoring, go teach your Daughter, how to behave her ſelf; for I ſhall return immediately in a pretenders equipage with Drums beating, and Colours flying, and then let her expect a Charge.

Exit Sir Arthur.

Wary

Wary. Roger, To ſay the truth, this Sir *Arthur*'s a very ſhallow Knight: But 'tis no matter; he'l prove the kinder Husband.

And better 'tis (your Modern Authors ſay)
To rule a Fool, then a Wiſe Man obey.

[*Exit* Wary *and* Roger.

Enter Peregrine *and* Single.

Pereg. 'Tis not poſſible for me to expreſs how deeply I reſent your Father's unnatural rigour: But can it be true, that he will be married to morrow, and that no body ſhould know to whom?

Single. My intelligence comes from ſuch hands, that I am ſure 'tis authentick: But, neither by my own induſtrie, nor the help of ſpies, can I poſſibly learn out the perſon of the Bride.

Pereg. Well, Sir, I am reſolved to ſerve you in that office my ſelf: for I can do it with leſs ſuſpition, than any body; becauſe your Father dreams ſo little of our Communication together, that he is yet ignorant of my being in *England*; and I'le uſe all my art to win ſo far upon his favour, and confidence, as that I may put my ſelf in a capacitie of ſerving you.

Single. Sir, my caſe is deſperate; yet my obligation to you will be as great, as if your endeavors were attended with ſucceſs. However your own buſineſs (I know) requires a quick diſpatch with my Father: There's his Lodging; and fare you well; for I muſt go hunt out my ſimple Knight.

Pereg. But where ſhall we meet two hours hence?

Single. Where we laſt met, and then we'll conferre notes together. [*Exit* Single.

Peregrine *knocks at Sir* Salomons *Lodging, and* Timothy *comes forth.*

Pereg. Is Sir *Salomon Single* at home?

Timot. Pray what's your buſineſs with him?

Pereg. That's no anſwer to my queſtion: my buſineſs (friend) is with him, not with you: Is he within, or no?

Timot. Why,

Timot. Why, Sir, unleſs I may know your buſineſs, or your name, he is not within.

Pereg. apart. This fellow has the right huff, and grimace of a Coxcomb in office———But, Sir, when I have told you my name, Will he then be at home?

Timot. Perhaps he may.

Pereg. Why then (grave Sir) be pleaſed to tell your Maſter, that my name is *Peregreen Woodland*; and that I deſire to know of him, whether he be within, or no.

Timot. You ſhall have your anſwer preſently. [*Exit* Timot.

Pereg. Very well Sir, This ſtiff piece of formality deſerves to be cudgell'd, were it only to make him more limber: but 'tis the nature of fools in employment to think ſuch ſolemn rudeneſs to be the badge of their Office.

Enter Sir Salomon.

Sir Salom. Mr. *Peregreen?* had I known it was you, I would have left all buſineſs, and a Miſtriſs too, to fly into your embraces: your Father is the oldeſt acquaintance, and beſt friend I have in *England:* Lord! how time runs away? I knew you no higher, than this. I proteſt, you make me an old man.

Pereg. Not ſo, Sir, I hope; ſince I hear, you are to be married to morrow.

Sir Salom. How is it poſſible you ſhould hear it, unleſs my Steward told you. But (Mr. *Peregreen*) I have nothing that I ſhall make a ſecret of to you. 'Tis even ſo; and you are returned from your Travels moſt opportunely, to grace my Wedding. O! how glad ſhould I be, that your Father were here too. Pray, when did you hear from him? how does he do? He is ſo wedded to his eſtate in the Country, that his friends in Town are quite forgot.

Pereg. I lately recived a Letter from him with this incloſed; which will give you as good an account of his health, as I can.

Sir. Salom. I joy to ſee any thing that comes from him——

Sir Salomon *reads the Letter.*

Lord! what does he mean?——ſuch ceremonious expreſſions are injurious to friendſhip———*Timothy.*

Timot. Sir.

Sir Salom. Bring me fifty pieces in gold presently.

Pereg. I have reason to believe, that my Father may be in town sooner. than these Letters mention: for I have one from him of a fresher date, which tells me, that an extraordinary occasion calls him hither in company of a Merchant, lately arriv'd in *England*: but what his business is, the Letter mentions not.

Sir *Salom.* Were it not possible, that we might see him here to day, or to morrow? Nothing could heighten more my Nuptial Joys, then the presence of such a Friend?

Pereg. For the precise time of his coming, I can answer nothing: But, Sir; Might I not be so happy, as to kiss the hands of your fair Bride before the Ceremony of Marriage?

Sir *Salom.* In that (Sir) you must excuse me: This Jewel is not to be taken out of the Case, till I wear her.

Enter Timothy.

Timot. Here is the Summ you commanded me to bring.

Sir *Salom.* Pray (Sir) take it; and, if you have occasion for more, you may as freely Command My purse, as your Fathers.

Pereg. I humbly thank you: I have no present necessity of more———But, Mr. Steward, if you please to draw a Note of so much receiv'd——

Sir *Salom.* What d'ee mean, Sir? *Timothy*, Let it alone. I hope you do not imagine, that you deal with a Scrivener.

[*Exit* Timothy.

Pereg. Sir, you are too generous.

Sir *Salom.* No Complements, good Mr. *Peregreen*: Well, and, How long have you been in *England*?

Pereg. Some ten dayes; in all which time I could not till yesterday, find out your Habitation.

Sir *Salom.* And how does your own Country relish with you, since your experience of Foraign Parts?

Pereg. Better, then before.

Sir *Salom.* I rejoyce to ſee you make ſuch good uſe of your Travels; For, the beſt thing which a man can bring from abroad, is the love of home. And, How have you ſpent your time, ſince your coming over? methinks a young man of your Complexion ſhould be engaged, ere this, in ſome Love-adventure: What? Are the Ladies kind to you?

Pereg. Conſidering the ſhortneſs of the time, I have no reaſon to Complain.

Sir *Salom.* Pray, make me your Confident; I am Secret, and true to Love. What Exploit? What Succeſs have you had?

Pereg. Sure (Sir) you want Leiſure for ſuch frivolous Narrations.

Sir *Salom.* You miſtake me; I have Youth enough left to reliſh affairs of Love.

Pereg. I ſhall with leſs reluctancy obey you, becauſe there is ſomething very extraordinary in my adventure, which may afford you Divertiſement: And (to tell you truly) the Mony, which you favour'd me with, I chiefly want to proſecute this deſign,

Sir *Salom.* I long to hear it.

Pereg. I confeſs, here is a young Beauty here in Town, which has already gain'd very much upon my heart: She is one, who has received no improvement from Education; Nor does ſhe want it: For, Nature has left her ſo well finiſhed, that Art has little to do. Perhaps her Ignorance is greater then ordinary; but that's abundantly recompenc'd by her Innocence: An Aire ſo taking, ſo free, ſo modeſt, I never yet beheld in any Face.

Sir *Salom.* Had you ſtudy'd to hit my fancy, you could not have drawn a Copy more like the Original.

Pereg. It adds much to my ſatisfaction, that her Caracter is agreeable to your Fancy; I think I may without vanity tell you, that my pretenſions and hopes ſtands very fair, for I am admitted, and received by her with ſuch expreſſions of kindneſs, as ought to content any reaſonable Lover in his firſt Eſſays.

Sir *Salom.* Pray, What is her name? and Where does ſhe lodge?

Pereg. By thoſe about her ſhe's called Mrs. *Betty*; and I enquired no farther of her name; ſhe's lodged in a Houſe on the back-ſide of *Holborn*, towards the Fields.

Sir *Salom.* Hell, and Devils, What is't I hear? [*Apart.*

Pereg. But, the pleaſant part of this Story is, that all this while ſhe is maintained, and educated in a private cunning way by an old Gentlemen they call Mr. *Evans*———

Sir *Salom.* I have trod upon a Snake, which ſtings me to death! [*Apart.*

Pereg. Sure, he's a perſon ſo very remarkable in his kind, that you muſt needs know him; Has he not the reputation of a Formal Coxcomb?

Sir *Salom.* I have heard of the name, ———I burſt I die. [*Apart.*

Pereg. 'Tis much, you ſhould not know him: Though I never ſaw the Man, yet the extravagant economy of his Family, and his exottick way of training up this Lovely Creature ſufficiently diſcovers to me the politick worme in his Pate———— But, to my thinking (Sir) you don't relliſh this Narrative, as I expected.

Sir *Salom.* O! yes, Sir.

Pereg. I am afraid, you are of too ſcrupulous a Conſcience for ſuch Relations.

Sir *Salom.* Not at all, Sir.

Pereg. For my own part, I muſt acknowledge, that I never embarked in a Love-Adventure more to my ſatisfaction in my life: For, though my Paſſion for her be very great, yet the pleaſure of diſappointing the ridiculous Policy of this old jealous Guardian, is very near as great as that which I receive in the enjoyment of her affection—But (Sir) I perceive my Story growes tedious to you; Nor can I blame your want of Patience, having Love-Concernes of your own, more preſſing and urgent; I ſhall therefore only Conjure you to be a faithful preſerver of my ſecret; ſince the rendring of it publick, would ruine my happineſs ſo well begun: Eſpeccially ſhould it come to the Politick Eares of that Mr. *Evans*. Farewell. [*Exit* Peregren.

Sir *Salom.* Is there a Torment?——

Pereg. enters

Pereg. enters again. As you are my Friend, and a Person of Honour, let nothing of this be discovered to my Father, when he comes to Town; For I know not, how farr such a business, as this, may work upon him to my prejudice.

[*Exit* Peregreen.

Sir *Salom.* So: so,——Oh? let me breath a little: was ever Man so tortur'd, as I am, and yet constrain'd to dissemble his pain, and put a smiling Countenance upon his Torment? False Woman! thy whole Sex is a meere Quicksand, false, and treacherous ground for any Man to build his happiness upon! Thy whole Sexe is a Generation of Vipers, that gnaw and eate into the hearts that give them reception: They are born with all their poison about them, which no Art, or Industry, no Education can remove—Unjust Stars? That a vain young Felow, not knowing what he does, but conducted by the hand of blind chance, should thus baffle me in my Love, my Reputation; and in one moment disappoint the whole design of my happiness, which with long study and labour, has been manag'd, by the most exact Rules of Pollicy. That I should furnish him with Mony, to cut my own throat? and he, out of Kindness and Confidence, be the Informer of his own Treason against me?——Yet in all this misfortune I were unjust, not to acknowledge some favour from my Stars, in the miraculous discovery of this Mine, before the fatal Fire was put to it: And now, having warning, and time to repair, fortifie, and countermine, if I fail to blow up, and scatter the Enemy, and to maintain my ground, let me become the scorne of the Wise, and the Laughter of Fools.

[*Exit Sir* Salomon.

Enter Sir Arthur, Peregreen, *and* Single.

Sir *Arth.* You, Mr. *Single*; and you Mr. *Peregreen*; are the two deerest Friends I have in the World, And I bespeak you both to my Wedding.

Pereg. Against what time, Sir *Arthur?*

Sir *Arth.* Let me see——— About some four dayes hence; For by that time the Lawyers, the Taylers, the Semstresses, and riming Poets, with the rest of the Wedding-Mongers, will have all things in readiness.

Pereg. But

Pereg. But will the Lady be ready ſo ſoon?

Sir *Arth.* Will ſhe tarry ſo long?

Pereg. Y'are a great Conqueror Sir *Arthur*, that can make ſuch Forts ſurrender at firſt ſummons: But, Did ſhe ever come to a Parly with you?

Sir *Arth.* Hang Parlyes; I never ſpoke to her in my Life; But her Father beggs me to take her; and I hope, ſhe has more need of me, then he has. Can ſhe reſiſt a man of Eſtate, and Title, with my Parts?

Single. } I muſt take down the confidence of this Fool a Sto-
apart. } ry lower; elſe he'l caſt me off, as needleſs to him---- Hark you, Sir *Arthur*, you make me ſtark mad, to ſee how fooliſhly you deſtroy your own deſigns, by talking at this rate, before Mr. *Peregreen* there: To my certain knowledge he's newly entred into the Liſt of the Rivals; And is a dangerous one too; for he's a Landed Man, and will fight.

Sir *Arth.* God's ſo, What an unlucky Fellow am I; Why could not you tell me on't?

Single. I wincked, and wincked upon you, and did all that I could; But, you run on ſo madly in your Career, that the Devil cannot ſtop you, when once y'are going.

Sir *Arth.* Dear Mr. *Single*, What muſt I do then?

Single. Nay, you muſt firſt know what he'l do: But your only way for the preſent will be to addreſs your ſelf to the Lady with all ſecrecy and ſpeed; And if you can but get her of your ſide, that will be ſome protection to you.

Sir *Arth.* Well; I'le go immediately and put my ſelf in equipage; and then have at her; but, let not him know it; I have your Letter of Recommendation in my Pocket; And, if the old man be but at home, I warrant you I ſhall do well enough with the Daugter———'Faith, Gentlemen, for ſome reaſons, which I have ſince thought on, I ſhan't be Marryed ſo ſoon as I ſaid: For, this Wedlock is ſuch a damnable Clogg, that I vow, I don't know what to think on't. God be'wy.

[*Exit Sir* Arthur.

Pereg. This is a pleaſant Knight.

Single. O! let him go: The Fool began to grow troubleſome, And I ſent him on an Arrand. But, as Blunt as you ſee him,

him, he's a moſt admirable Toole for the Work which I have in hand. Now, ſince we are rid of him, pray let me hear what paſt between my Father and you.

Pereg. 'Faith, were he not your Father, I ſhould think him as extravagant in his way, as this good Sir *Arthur* is. For upon our firſt interview, he was all ſweetneſs, and kindneſs; He paid me his mony with the beſt grace that ever I ſaw. He own'd his *Marrriage* to me; but, when I asked him to wait upon his Miſtriſs before the Marriage, there he ſtuck, and abſolutely refus'd me: yet ſtill his gracious aſpects were the ſame; and I labouring to improve his Favour, and gain farther upon his Confidence, told him the Story (he putting me upon it) of Mrs. *Betty*), which (you know) is pleaſant enough in the Relation: And all on the ſudden, when his kindneſs and good humor were at higheſt, he ſunck in a moment to ſo flat an ebbe of coldneſs, and dryneſs, that he ſcarce minded what I ſaid, turn'd his head on one ſide, ſtood making of Faces, and was ſo like a man diſtracted, that I cannot attribute this inequallity, in his temper, to any thing elſe, but ſome inward diſorder in his Brain, which muſt neceſſarily in time grow to a direct Frenzy.

Single. I have too much cauſe to believe, what you apprehend. But, Sir, much againſt my Will, I muſt leave your Company: For my ſeveral deſignes of diſappointing my Fathers Marriage, and ſecuring my own Love, ſo hurry me too and fro, that I cannot enjoy a moment of reſt.

Pereg. Farewell, may you proſper in both: To tell you truly, this little *Betty* is ſo much in my head, and (I'm afraid) in my heart too, that I am very near as reſtleſs as you.

[*Exit* Single *and* Peregreen.

Enter Sir Arthur, *and two* Foot-Boyes.

Sir *Arth.* My brace of Monkys, advance, and ſtand before me, that you may receive in Charge, how to behave your ſelves in my Service; Firſt, becauſe I am a Martial Man, I will aſſigne you employments accordingly: You, Sirrah, ſhall be my Trumpeter; and you my Scout. Your Office, Trumpeter, is, wherever you goe, and eſpecially in my Miſtriſs quarters, to ſound forth

forth the Praiſes of me, your Commander in Chief——— Rogue! D'e Laugh? Know, Sirrah, 'tis the faſhion of us Great Ones to keep Men in pay for no other end, but to Commend us in all places right or wrong———You, Scout, are a neceſſary Officer in my Service; and I ſhall put you upon Duty preſently: You are to watch the motions of the Enemy; and when he draws near, to give me intelligence.

S. *Foot-boy*. Pray, Sir, Who is the Enemy?

Sir *Arth*. I ſee (Boy) thou'rt a Blockhead. I go a Wooing Sirrah, and all that pretend to my Miſtriſs are the Enemy. Go, Sirrah; ſcout abroad to Mr. *Wary*'s Houſe, and if thou ſeeſt any body in the way, that has the Countenance of a Rival, inſtantly retreat to your head-quarters here.

S. *Foot-boy*. A Rival, Sir? What's that?

Sir *Arth*. Well; there is no ſuch miſery in the World, as to be ſerved by Fools; Do'ſt not know a Rival, when thou ſeeſt him? Why, What art thou good for?

S. *Foot-boy*. If your Worſhip will give me any Markes to know him by, I'le do my beſt to find him out.

Sir *Arth*. Find him out? I tell thee (Sirrah) I would not find him out; nor have him find me out: Ignorant Puppy! not know a Rival?

S. *Foot-boy*. Rival? Sure your Worſhip means a Serjeant; I know them well enough by the Dirt o'their Cloaths, and the ſlits o'their noſes.

Sir *Arth*. What Raſcal? Do'ſt think that I am afraid of a Serjeant? No, I defie all the Juſtice of *England*: For, I have Fifteen Hundred a year, and owe never a Groat. Come hither, Boy; I ſee I muſt take paines to inſtruct thee: A Rival (Sirrah) is a thing compounded of Coller, and Love: One of his Eyes, and half his Face, that looks t'ords his Miſtriſs, is ſo mild and ſweet, that you would Swear, the Creature had no Gall in it: whil'ſt t'other ſide of his Countenance looks on all about him, as if he could eat 'em up. When he ſpeaks, the Clapper in his Mouth ſtrikes double; To his Miſtriſs Eares it ſounds, *Sweet Madam, let me kiſs your fair hands*; and, to the reſt it Rings out, *Damm Me, What make you here?*——— Now (Blockhead) I hope, you'l know a Rival, when you ſee him:

him: Abroad then, quickly, as I bid you, and bring me word if the Coaſt be clear.

Sc. *Foot-boy.* I'le do my beſt to ſerve your Worſhip: And, if I diſcover any ſuch ſtrange thing, as you talke of, I'le bring you notice inſtantly. [*Exit Scout*-Foot-boy.

Sir *Arth.* Now (Sirrah) let me examine you a little, and ſee, if you have any more wit then your Companion. How long have you been of the Running-Trade?

T. *Foot-boy.* Ever ſince I could go.

Sir *Arth.* Why, that's very ſtrange!

T. *Foot-boy.* Not at all, Sir: I come of a Running Generation. My Father (as they tell me) was an over-grown Link-boy; and my Mother was a Woman employed in Errands; who, when ſhe went of me, out of Modeſty, and Shamfac'dneſs, fairly run the Country; ſo that I was born to my Trade, and have it by kind, as well as by Education.

Sir *Arth.* But, Do'ſt thou know what belongs to Service?

T. *Foot-boy.* Sir, there's not a Boy in all this Town of my Age, that has my experience: For, I have ſerv'd above a dozen Maſters, beſides Miſtriſſes, and am able to do your Worſhip good Offices in all kinds.

Sir *Arth.* Thou art a Boy worth having.

T. *Foot-boy.* I am none of thoſe heavy Lobcocks, that are good for nothing, but to hang at the tail of a Coach; I am for all Service, as well by night as by day: If your Worſhip be a Gameſter, I can furniſh you with Cards of the neweſt Marke; Dice, High, or Low; I can———

Sir *Arth.* Well, Boy: Theſe qualities may be uſeful hereafter: But, for the preſent, I have appointed thee thy Office already.

T. *Foot-boy.* For that (Sir) I can Swear and Lye for the Credit of my Maſter, as well as any Boy, or Man of them all.

Enter Scout Foot-boy *out of breath.*

S. *Foot-boy.* O Sir, Sir, ——they come, they come!
Sir *Arth.* Who, Boy? Who?——The Rivals?
S. *Foot-boy.* I Sir, I.

The Sc. Foot-boy *runs off the Stage, Sir* Arthur *follows, the Musick strike, and* Timothy *ushers in his Masters servants, who come to practice a Dance against Sir* Salomons *Wedding.*

Enter Timothy *and* Servants *in Maſcarade, and after them the Muſick.*

Timothy *makes a Sign to the Muſick to hold, and they give over.*

T. *Foot-boy.* What a Valiant Knight have I for my Maſter?

Timothy. VVell, my Maſters; to morrow's the VVedding day, and this is your laſt time of Tryal; I need not tell you, how much our Credit's ingag'd in the exact performance of this piece of Ingenuity: As for the Speeches in the Maſque, thoſe I take upon my ſelf; and as for this Masking Dance, pray take notice, that although the Performance be yours, the Contrivance was mine——Now Muſick, ſtrike up again.

They Dance.

Timothy. Bravely perform'd! This will do: And let me tell you, There is more VVit in this Dance, then in a dozen of your beſt Modern Plays: They with their gingle of Rhime, and playing with Words, go juſt like the Chimes of St. *Bart'elmy*: and pleaſe the Ladies eares, but effect not the underſtanding at all. This does gratefully Raviſh our nobleſt

Sence,

Sence, the Eye, with an exact contrivance of Figure and Motion, which are the Elements of Beauty:

This Entertainment worthily may Greet
Our *Solomon*, and *Sheba*, when they meet.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Third Act.

Enter Ralph *and* Alice.

Ralph. ALice; Shall you and I talke a little wiſely together?

Allice. I, come; juſt like our Maſter *Evans.*

Ralph. Our Maſter *Evans?* hang him, dry-bones: No, wee'l talke juſt as our Fine new Maſter talkes with Mrs. *Betty.*

Allice. O, I: come, do you begin.

Ralph. O Rogue; now woud'ſt thou have me make Love to thee, and Kiſs thy hands over, and over, and ſqueeze e'm, and caſt Sheeps eyes on thee, juſt, as the Fine Gentleman does upon Mrs. *Betty.*

Allice. O pray be quiet; you are not half ſo Fine a Man, as he; an' you were——

Ralph. Mary come up, Gillen Flurt, is that a Bitt for your greaſy Chops? A'n you be ſo dainty, you may e'n faſt long enough.

Allice. VVhy ſo I will for all you, if I have a mind to't.

Ralph. Nay, but *Allice*; conſider a little; Since the Fine Gentleman came amongſt us, we have got Fortunes of our own: and Folke, that have means, ſhould think with themſelves, how to ſet up in the VVorld; If I joyn my Twenty Shillings, with thy Twenty Shillings, and thou joyn thy ſelf with my ſelf, we ſhould begin the VVorld curiouſly together.

Enter Scout Foot-boy *out of breath.*

S. *Foot-boy.* O Sir, Sir, ——they come, they come!
Sir *Arth.* Who, Boy? Who?——The Rivals?
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Allice. There are other-gueſs Men, then you, to begin withal: I'le have neither beginning, nor ending with you——

Enter Sir Solomon.

Ralph. Peace, peace; here's Maſter *Evans.*

Allice. O! How he Looks.

Sir *Salom.* Slaves, diſpatch quickly: make ready to die.

Both. O pray Sir.

Allice. Indeed I ſhan't be ready a great while.

Sir *Salom.* Peace, Traitors; examine your Conſcience; think what y'ave done.

Ralph. I did nothing; 'twas ſhe open'd the door, and let him in.

Allice. But 'twas you, that told him firſt; he mought come in.

Ralph. I told him no more, then Mrs. *Betty* bid me.

Sir *Salom.* Still worſe, and worſe! quickly Villains, confeſs, confeſs: When came he firſt? How often has he been here? How long did he ſtay? Did he come by day or by night? What did he ſay? What did he do? No body ſpeak?

Allice. O Sir; I have got the Palſy in my Tongue, I can't ſpeak.

Sir *Salom.* Raſcall! Are you ſtealing away? if you ſtir an inch, I'le flea you alive.

Ralph. No, no; Sir: when I have recover'd my Senſes, I'le tell you all.

Sir *Salom.* Baſe, and ungratefull Vermine! that would have ſtarv'd, and ſtunck in a Ditch long e're this, had I not taken them under my Roof, nouriſht them with my Bread, and raiſed them from the extremity of want, and impotent folly, to a comfortable ſubſiſtance, and ſtate of living: And after all this (treacherous Wretches!) Could you betray ſuch a Maſter? let a Man into my Houſe to rifle my happineſs, rob me of all my Treaſure?——

Allice. No

Allice. No, indeed Sir; he was very honeſt; we have miſt nothing out of the Houſe never ſince he came.

Sir *Salom.* Huſh, brute beaſt! Come, confeſs quickly, How came he in? VVhat did he do to Mrs. *Betty?*

Ralph. Why Sir, about a week ago———

Allice. But 'tis not a week though; nor won't be, till to-morrow night.

Sir *Salom.* 'Tis no matter.

Ralph. There came a man to the door———

Allice. No, no; he's out: there came a woman firſt.

Ralph. But ſhe did not come in, Did ſhe?

Allice. But I ſay, ſhe did come firſt.

Ralph. VVhy then tell the Story your ſelf: I can never begin to ſpeak, but ſhe puts me out ſtill.

Sir *Salom.* What patience can overcome all this?

Allice. This blockhead will alwayes be prating, and knowes not what he ſayes.

Sir *Salom.* Peace both: Call down your *Miſtriſs:* I'le ſee if ſhe can ſpeak ſence——Stay: come back again; Should they give her notice of the buſineſs, and my reſentment, ſhe will have time to frame a Story, and diſguiſe the truth: I had better moderate my anger, and by gentle means draw a plain confeſſion out of her; waite both here till I come out again.

[*Exit Sir* Salomon.

Allice. What a dickens is come to our Maſter?

Ralph. I alwayes thought the coming of this young Man would make a foule houſe at laſt.

Allice. As ſure as can be ſome mad Dog has bit him.

Ralph. No, no: 'tis a what-dee-call thing, like a Fly under a Horſe-tayl, that makes him wince, and fling about ſo: I think they call it Jealouſy.

Allice. Jealouſy? What's that?

Ralph. Why, that's a Diſeaſe, which Folke in Love are troubled with. 'Tis Phyſick, that works the wrong way; in ſtead of going downwards, it flies up into the head.

Enter Sir Salom.

Enter Sir Salomon *and Mrs.* Betty.

Sir *Salom.* Come, *Betty*, 'tis fine VValking. Go, get you within doores——And a ſweet day. [*Exit* Ralph *and* Allice.

Mrs. *Betty.* Yes indeed.

Sir *Salom.* VVhat newes d'ee hear?

Betty. O Sir, my little Bird dy'd laſt night.

Sir *Salom.* I'm ſorry for't——*Betty*, the World is grown very Malitious. VVould you think, that ſome of the ſpiteful Neighbours hereabouts ſhould report, that a certain young Man (a ſtranger) has ſeveral times been ſeen going in, and out of your Lodging, and that you have receiv'd, and entertain'd him in diſcourſe whole hours together? But, I am none of thoſe, that are apt to credit the Slanders of bad Tongues: For, I offer'd to lay all I am worth, there was no ſuch thing.

Betty. Indeed but you muſt not; for as ſure as can be you'd loſe all that you lay.

Sir *Salom.* VVhy? VVas there ſuch a Man then?——

Betty. O Lord, I; he was here this very day: Had you but come two houres ſooner, you might have ſeen him here.

Sir *Salom.* } At leaſt this confeſſion with ſo little concern,
apart. } ſhews, ſhe's not quite fallen from the ſtate of Innocence——But *Betty*, as I remember, I did forewarne, and command you to ſpeak with no man, eſpecially with no young man.

Betty. I remember that too; But had you been here, when I ſpoke firſt to him, I knew you would have done as I did.

Sir *Salom.* It may be ſo: But pray, let me hear how 'twas.

Betty. With all my heart; I was ſitting in the Balcony one evening at work, when this handſome proper young man came by; and juſt, as I lookt on him, he chan't to look up to me: He preſently makes me a low reverence, and I, in civility, roſe up and did the like; By and by he turnes back again, and ſalutes me, as before; and I, as in good manners I ought, did the ſame: thus he continu'd a great many times together: About

two

two houres after, when 'twas almoſt darke, there came an Orange-woman to the door, who ſent me up word, That ſhe had the fineſt China-Oranges that ever were ſeen; and, that if I would not buy e'm with Money, I ſhould have 'em for Love: I preſently came down to ſee her Oranges (for I love 'em mightily:) And whilſt I was looking upon 'em, ſhe whiſper'd in my Eare, *God bleſs thoſe ſweet eyes of yours; but, if you knew how you have wounded a brave Gentleman, who is ready to die for you, your heart could not be ſo hard to deny him ſome relief.*

Sir *Salom.* Curſt Engine of the Devil? [*apart.*

Betty. Good Woman (ſaid I) *you're miſtaken; I never wounded any body in my Life: The Man, that you lately ſaw under the Belcony, I am ſure* (ſaid ſhe) *is ſo hurt by you, that he is not like to live two dayes to an end, unleſs you take pitty of him: Sure I did not let fall any thing* (ſaid I) *down upon his head: No, Madam* (ſaid ſhe) *'Tis from your Eyes alone, that he has receiv'd his wound; They have a ſecret poyſon in them, which you are ignorant of, that has ſeiz'd on his heart, and reduc'd him to this Languiſhing Condition: I vow* (ſaid I) *I would not for a World, that the poor Man ſhould miſcarry, and I be the cauſe on't; What would he have me do to help him? Nothing* (anſwer'd ſhe) *but give him leave to look upon you again; for, your Eyes, that hurt him, can only cure him: With all my heart, if that will do him good* (ſaid I) *he may come hither, and ſee me as much as he pleaſeth.* And (Would you believe it?) as ſoon as ever he came, and ſaw me, he was as well, as ever he was in his life: Now (judge you) could I in Conſcience do leſs, then relieve a dying Man, when it coſt ſo little the doing?

Sir *Salom.* { I fear, we have paid too dearly for the Cure---
apart. { No; 'twas charitably done. But, when he came in, What did he do? What paſt between you? Was he not very kind to you?

Betty. Beyond all meaſure. He preſented me the fineſt Box that ever you ſaw (I can ſhew it you above;) beſides, he gave whole handfulls of Mony to *Ralph* and *Alice*; and he ſaid the ſweeteſt things that did ſo pleaſe me———

Sir *Salom.* Well; but when you were alone together, What did he do then? Now muſt I ſearch for that, which if I find I die. [*apart.*

Betty.

Betty. Then he was kindeſt of all: He took me by the hands, and held them ſo faſt, and kiſſed them a hundred times over.

Sir *Salom.* And what elſe?——————I am in a cold Sweat! [*apart.*

Betty. What elſe? Why d'ee ask?

Sir *Salom.* Come, 'tis a good Girle, ſpeak freely.

Betty. But you'l be angry.

Sir *Salom.* No, no.

Betty. Sure you will.

Sir *Salom.* I tell you no——With what a lingring death ſhe torments me? [*apart.*

Betty. I vow I'm aſham'd to tell you.

Sir *Salom.* Come, come; you may tell me any thing.

Betty. He took——————

Sir *Salom.* What did he take?

Betty. He took my——————

Sir *Salom.* Out with't.

Betty. Scarlet Ribband, which you gave me, and ſaid, He would wear it for my ſake.

Sir *Salom.* *apart.* 'Tis well he took no more——If that be all, let the Ribband go: But, Did he aske no other Remedy of you, to Cure the Wound, which he ſo complain'd of?

Betty. No: Was there any thing elſe for him to aske? For ſure at that time I ſhould have deny'd him nothing.

Sir *Salo.* Well, *Betty*; what is paſt, is paſt: and you ſhall hear no more of it from me: but, little think you what a danger y'ave ſcap'd. Thou haſt too much ſimplicity to underſtand the mallice of theſe Frizled heads, who with their Flattery and fine words, ſeek only to diſhonour and ruine thee.

Betty. O, 'tis impoſſible, that he ſhould mean me any hurt, for he loves me.

Sir *Salom.* He love thee? he deceives thee; and is kind to thee only for his own wicked ends, which having compaſt, he will ſcorn and hate thee.

Betty. Sure that can't be; for he Swore to me above a dozen times that he would alwayes love me.

Sir *Salom.* Thou'rt

Sir *Salom.* Thou'rt undone, ſhould'ſt thou truſt to the Promiſes and Oathes of this Seducer; they are meere Cobwebs to catch ſilly Flies: Beſides, *Betty*, to admit ſuch Viſits, and take Preſents, and to delight in the Amorous Converſation, and dalliance of theſe Periwig-men, is a Sin (*Betty*) and a great one.

Betty. No ſure; A Sin is a black ugly thing: but this is ſo pleaſing, and ſweet; And when one means no hurt——

Sir *Salom.* I tell you, 'tis a Sin, unleſs Marriage take away the offence.

Betty. Say you ſoe? Then pray, Sir, Marry me out of hand.

Sir *Salom.* Yes, *Betty*, I intend to Marry thee; and I have put all things in readineſs for it.

Betty. But, When will you do it?

Sir *Salom.* To morrow morning.

Betty. To morrow morning? [*She Laughs.*

Sir *Salom.* Without faile: I ſee you are mightily pleas'd.

Betty. Yes indeed: I ſhall be extreamly obliged to you, and hugely ſatisfyed in him.

Sir *Salom.* Him? What him?

Betty. Why, him, we ſpoke of.

Sir *Salom.* Very fine; you are mighty forward to chuſe your Husband: But, for that him, trouble not your head any further; let *him* die of his wounds a-Gods name. I am reſolved, when he comes next, you ſhall give *him* ſuch a welcome, that the importunate Gheſt ſhall no longer hant you.

Betty. Why; What muſt I doe?

Sir *Salom.* You ſhall ſhut the door on the Face of him, and then if he knocks, you ſhall ſend that after him out of the Window, which ſhall coole the heate of his Paſſion.

Betty. How ſhall I be able to do that? He is ſo kind and ſo handſome——

Sir *Salom.* What? D'ee make a difficulty of it, when I command it? *Betty*, no more words; before I ſtirr from hence I'le ſee you do it my ſelf. I know we ſhall have him quickly here. Come along with me, I find you want Inſtruction yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur, *and his two* Foot-boys.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, Sarrah; by Martial-Law I'le ha' thee hang'd for giving a falſe Allarum, and putting me in ſuch a diſorder, as I have hardly yet recovered.

S. *Foot-boy.* Truely (Sir) I took 'em to be the Monſters you ſpoke of.

Sir *Arthur.* Did you ſo? And where were your Eyes (Puppy? a Pox o'your fears, that made 'em ſee double: Of all Men living, I hate theſe Cowardly Rogues.

T. *Foot-boy* } *apart.* Then I'le be ſworne, my Maſters no ſelf-lover.

Sir *Arth.* This is the time too of Old *Waryes* Aſſignation. And I Vow, 'tis all I can do, to rally my Forces againſt my Onſett on Mrs. *Julia.*

T. *Foot-boy.* This, Sir, was the hour by him appointed to meet you in theſe walkes.

Sir *Arth.* Go tell him, Boy, that I am here, and ſtay for him.

T. *Foot-boy.* Here they are, Sir.

Enter Wary *and* Julia.

Julia. Have you no body, Sir, to offer me, but the moſt notorious Fool of the Town?

Wary. Peace: Thou art a greater Fool then he, to refuſe a man, that has a great deal of Mony, and little Witt; and ſo loſe the opportunity of being ſole Miſtriſs of a large Fortune. See, in what a ſubmiſſive poſture the Amorous Knight begs his admittance into your Favour? Nay, come up to him—— Sir *Arthur,* here's my Daughter, and God ſend you good luck with her. Perhaps you'l find her a Coy Miſtriſs; but, let not that diſhearten you; farewell; I'le leave you to your ſelves.

[*Exit* Wary *and* Servants.

Sir *Arth.* Come, Madam; now we are alone, you need not be aſhamed to ſpeak your mind freely to me: Be of good Courage;

Courage; I am kind-hearted, and can deny you nothing that you ask.

Julia. Sure, the Fool expects that I ſhould Court him. [*apart.* Truly, Sir *Arthur*, I would fain ask you ſomething; but, I am afraid, you are not good-Natur'd, nor a Man of your Word.

Sir *Arth.* As I am a Gentleman, and a Knight ——— She's coming already——— [*apart.*

Julia. But, What if you ſhould deny me? you know, for a Woman to be refuſed, is the laſt miſery that can befall her.

Sir *Arth.* Alaſs, poor heart; I vow I take ſuch pity o'thee, that there is no kindneſs, I would not do inſtantly for thee.

Julia. VVell (Sir) remember your promiſe: I ask you to forbear all manner of Courtſhip, or pretention to Marry me.

Sir *Arth.* This is very pretty I'faith: I know well enough, you ſay this now only to try me; I can't but laugh to think, how damnably you'd be mump'd, if I ſhould take you now at your word.

Julia. Do it, pray Sir; and take it which way you will; either grant my real deſires, according to your promiſe, or puniſh my Diſſimulation (if ſo you will have it.)

Sir *Arth.* So, ſo; y'are very pleaſant: But, pray Madam, for a while give over Fooling, and be ſerious; Alaſs, I know y'are baſhfull (as all young women are, or ſhould be) and loth to come out with't: Therefore I'le take pitty o'you, and ſpeak your mind for you; You'd fain have a Husband (VVould you not? and you'd be marryed to a man of Fortune, and good Parts, and be a Lady, (I know you would:) Then ſay no more, trouble your ſelf no farther, you ſhall have all this, here's your Man, take him, and be thankful.

Julia. Is there any perſecution like that of a [*apart.* Confident Fool. Sir *Arthur*, I confeſs y'are a Man of Fortune; but, I am not of Fortunes mind to dote upon you, as ſhe has done: As for your good Parts, they are paſt my underſtanding; and for the Ladyſhip you talke of, pray keep it for

thoſe, who are diſpoſed to wear it for your ſake, which I am reſolved never to do.

Sir *Arth.* What a perverſe Woman is this?——— [*apart.* Well, well, Madam; for all this, I'le not deſpair, but that you may come to your wits yet; In order whereunto I have this Letter to deliver you: Perhaps good Counſel may do much, pray peruſe it well; and afterwards let me know your Mind.

Julia. I know the Hand: But, I cannot poſſibly imagine, how he ſhould come to be the bearer of it———[*apart.*

Julia *reads the Letter apart from Sir* Arthur.

Madam, if your Fathers ſeverity has ſtirred in you the ſame Melancholy humor, as in me, this Fool, whom I ſend for your Divertiſement, may prove no unſeaſonable Preſent: But, there's another uſe to be made of him, much more important to me, and (I hope) to you; For, he's very proper to amuſe your Fathers unquiet Suſpitions of our Love, and to fill the Room of a Suitor, which might otherwiſe be taken up by ſome body of more danger: There can be no fitter Perſon, then he, to be deceiv'd himſelf, and to deceive others. I therefore leave him to your diſcreet management; for, in your Conduct and Affection, lie all the hopes and happineſs of your humble Adorer *Single.*

Well, *Single*, ſince thou haſt put me upon't, I'le act the part thou gav'ſt me, ſo to the Life, that thou ſhalt tremble at thine own diſguiſe; and ſo by a wholſome ſeverity I will at once puniſh thy jealous humour, and ſecure thy Love———— Sir *Arthur*, come hither; What d'ee think this Letter Contains?

Sir *Arth.* A great deal of Truth, I warrant you.

Julia. Be you the Judge of that; take it, and read it.

Sir *Arth.* Truly I am a modeſt man, and don't love to read my own Commendations: but, ſince you Command it——— Hai, What's here? ———This Fool———for your Divertiſement ——to be made uſe on——to amuſe your Fathers ——diſcreet Management: ———O Traitor! there's not a

true

true word in it. Judge you, (Madam;) Am I a Fool? Am I a fit Perſon to deceive, or be deceived?

Julia. No, Sir *Arthur:* And, to let you ſee what part I take in the injury done you, this is the Anſwer, which (*She tears it.* I give to ſo malitious a Libel. 'Tis true, I am none of thoſe, who can fall in love with a Man at firſt ſight (which perhaps you may take unkindly at my hands)——

Sir *Arth.* No indeed, not I.

Julia. But I am ſo much concern'd to ſee plain-dealing and honeſt ſimplicity abus'd, under the colour of Friendſhip, that I ſhall always ſide with the well-meaning-Party againſt the falſe underminings of Diſſemblers.

Sir *Arth.* What a happy man am I?

Julia. You are to know, that this Mr. *Single* has been a Pretender to me himſelf; and now he makes you his ſtalking-horſe to drive the Game into his own Nets: But, go you immediately to him, and relate what y'ave ſeen me do, and heard me ſay; and tell him from me, that I have now taken a better man into his Room.

Sir *Arth.* Let me alone; I'le tell him his own to ſome tune.

[*Exit Sir* Arthur.

Julia. Since thou art doom'd to Poverty
By a Mad-fathers harſh Decree,
And ſince my Sentence is the ſame
From mine, if I admit thy Flame;
Single, 'twill juſt in me appear
To try well, what muſt coſt ſo dear:
No Common teſt is fit to prove
The truth, and firmneſs of thy Love;
Since thou with nothing com'ſt to me,
And I leave all to follow thee.

[*Exit* Julia.

Enter Peregreen *and* Single.

Pereg. Some way or other I am reſolved to find out this woman, before your Father is Marryed to her: I muſt break, or delay the Match.

Single. Your Labour will be fruitleſs. What can you do in ſo ſhort a time? his Wedding is to Morrow. *Pereg.* I

Pereg. I have all to day for it: And I'le do nothing, but watch him, and dog him from place to place, till I find out his hant.

Single. Should you compaſs the ſeeing her, What will it avail? you may as ſoon Convert a *Jew*, as make him alter his Reſolution.

Pereg. But ſhe may be Converted: For, if ſhe have Honour or Reaſon in her, 'twill be enough to tell her only the plain ſtory of your Fathers Humor, and Injuſtice towards you. If ſhe be void of both, I'le get ſome Wench or other to ſwear a Promiſe of Marriage with your Father: Rather then fail I'le pretend a Contract my ſelf with his Miſtriſs; and ſo forbid the Banes. For, What is't I would not do to ſerve my Friend in ſuch an Exigence?

Single. In all your deſigns I ſee much of your kindneſs, but very little probability of ſucceſs.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir *Arthur?* I ſuppoſe you come immediately from your Miſtriſs. Well? Have you deliver'd my Letter?

Sir *Arth.* Yes, Sir; I have deliver'd it.

Single. And, I hope, it produc'd thoſe good effects, which you have cauſe to thank me for.

Sir *Arth.* O yes, Sir; I thank you moſt abundantly.

Single. But, Have you not brought me an Anſwer?

Sir *Arth.* Yes, I have an anſwer for you, but, 'tis by word of mouth.

Single. How's this? Sure you miſtake your ſelf.

Sir *Arth.* No, good Mr. *Single*; 'Tis you that miſtake your ſelf, and me too: For, I am no Fool (d'ee ſee;) And Mrs. *Julia* cares not this for you. What ſay you now, Sir?

Single. Either the Fool's run mad, or I ſhall.——Sir *Arthur*, you are grown very miſterious: Pray, tell me plainly, What did ſhe ſay?

Sir *Arth.* Then, to be plain, Sir, ſhe ſaid no better of you, then you Writ of me.

Single apart. Was ever Man ſo croſs-bit, and confounded by an Aſſe.

Sir Arthur. Alaſs,

Sir Arthur. Alaſs, poor Mr. *Single*! I find you are exteamly troubled: But, I ſcorn to be baſe; and, one good turn deſerves another. Shall I write a Letter of Commendation for you to Mrs. *Julia?* Ha, ha!

Single. Y'are too ſawcy: Give over fooling quickly, or I ſhall grow in earneſt. Come, tell me her Anſwer; and, if you ſwerve one tittle from the Truth, I ſhall be worſe to you, then a thouſand Rivals.

Sir *Arth.* Lord! Why are you ſo angry now? If Mrs. *Julia* will be kind to me, Can I help it?

Single. That it ſhould be in the power of ſuch a Worme to ſting me thus!——Diſpatch; What ſaid ſhe?

Sir *Arth.* Good Lord! in what haſte you are to hear ill News? I vow now, I can't help it: ſhe read your Letter, and then gave it me to read (I need not tell you what was in't) When I had read it, ſhe took it and tore it (without my bidding her) And ſaid, That was the Anſwer ſhe made to it: Withall, ſhe bid me tell you, That ſhe was now provided with a better Man to fill your room.

Single. 'Tis falſe, She did not; She could not ſay ſo.

Sir *Arth.* I thought what 'twould come too—Why, look 'ee now, if you won't believe me, ask her.

Single. Sir *Arthur*, This buſineſs muſt not paſs ſo: I muſt be farther ſatisfy'd in the Truth of your relation, or I ſhall take a courſe, which I ſuſpect may not be agreeable to your temper. Go inſtantly back, and let her know from me, that, when ſhe ſends ſuch a Meſſage by ſuch an Embaſſadour, ſhe ought to ſend her Credentials too: And I ſhall alſo adviſe you, for your own ſake, to bring me a ſpeedy account of this buſineſs.

Sir *Arth.* Methinks you might take my word for a greater matter then this; But, you ſhall have your humour, and I'le go ſtrait——Would I were well rid of him. [*Exit Sir* Arthur.

Single. Where can Faith be found, if *Julia* be falſe? Muſt Vertue it ſelf degenerate to Trechery, and an Angel turn Devil to complete my unhappineſs?

Pereg. Come, come; All this may be nothing but a Trial of your Conſtancy; or ſome Stratagem of Love to amuſe the froward ſuſpicion of her old Father.

Single. She

Single. She could not ſhew that Fool my Letter, and tear it before his face, with any other deſign, but to abandon, and deſtroy me.

Pereg. Be not ſo haſty to conclude her unfaithful, and your ſelf unfortunate: For my part, I hold it impoſſible, that a Woman of Wit, who has always been conſtant to you, ſhould on the ſudden deſert you for ſo deſpicable a Perſon, as your pretended Rival.

Single. Ah, *Peregreen!* had but a nobler Object debauch't her from me, it would not have put ſuch ſcorn upon my ſufferings: But now I fall diſhonourably by an infamous hand, and am expos'd at once to Ruine, and Contempt.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir *Arth.* Now, Sir, I hope I have pleas'd you; I told her all that you ſaid: And, ſhe bid me tell you again, that, ſince you are ſo hard of belief, both ſhe, and her Father will meet you in this place within this hour, to give you full ſatisfaction in the point: And ſo God b'wy.

Single. Nay, but Sir *Arthur*; Pray, one word more with you. Come near.

Sir *Arthur.* By no means, Sir; I am in haſte; And my Miſtriſs will be angry, if I ſtay from her ſo long. Farewell.

[*Exit Sir* Arthur.

Single. So; Now I think my buſineſs is compleatly done: Nature and Love have both declar'd me their Enemy; whilſt I am diſinherited by my Father, and forſaken by my Miſtriſs. What have I left me, but to Court an honourable and ſpeedy Death?

Pereg. At leaſt ſuſpend your judgment, till you ſpeak with *Julia.* All this may ſtill be a blind to cover, and ſecure your Love. You muſt not expect at firſt ſight, to ſee the bottom of a Womans Pollicy in matters of this Nature: They manage ſuch Affairs with a ſubtlety, and addreſs beyond our reach.

Single. Your exceſs of kindneſs makes you flatter my Miſery with vain hopes.

Pereg. You

Pereg. You muſt not antedate your Miſery by Deſpair; That will teach Fortune the way to ruine you: Firſt hear what *Julia* ſayes; examine well her words, and her eyes; And then you may knowingly make a Judgment of your Caſe——I ſhall impatiently waite the ſucceſs of this Aſſignation. In the mean time I muſt beg your leave to diſpatch a Viſit here cloſe by to my little *Betty*; That being done, your Concerns ſhall be my whole Employment. Adieu.

Single. Dear *Peregreen*, Farewell. [*Exit* Single.

Peregreen *knocks at Mrs.* Bettys *Lodging,*
Ralph *looks out, and ſhuts the Door upon him.*

Ralph. Stand off.

Pereg. Hai dai! What's the meaning of this? I'le try a little farther; perhaps he miſtook me for another. [*Knocks again.*

Ralph *and* Alice *both look out.*

Ralph. What would you have?

Alice. Here's nothing for you.

They ſhut the Door upon him again.

Pereg. They turne me away like a Beggar from the door! Now I am ſure they ſaw me ——*Ralph, Alice*——my pretty Rogues, Don't you know me? 'Tis I.

Mrs. Betty *from the Belcony throws down a Brickbat, and with it a Letter.*

Mrs. *Betty.* To all y'ave ſaid, or have to ſay to me, this is my Anſwer. [*She withdrawes.*

Pereg. Does that hand perſecute me too? ſhe ſpeaks in Thunder, and vaniſhes like Lightning—If this [*He takes up the Brick.* be your Anſwer, 'tis a weighty one; had it come home to me, 'twould have Silenc'd me for ever. 'Tis impoſſible that *Betty* ſhould be ſo changed all o'the ſudden, as to do this of her ſelf; with-

out diſpute Old *Evans* has been allarum'd, and is now himſelf upon the Guard: I muſt 'een draw off at preſent from the Enemies Quarters----What have we here? a Letter, *For Mr Peregreen Woodland?* good, or bad, I'le take it; but, this is no place to read it in. [*Exit* Peregreen.

Ralph *peeps out at the Door, and then looks back.*

Ralph. The Bird is flown.

Enter Sir Salomon, *Mrs.* Betty, *Ralph, and* Alice.

Sir *Salom.* Moſt bravely perform'd of all hands; you *Ralph*, and you *Alice* did ſo well execute my Orders, that now I forgive you all your paſt-faults: And you, my dear *Betty*, are now reſtored to the place you formerly held in my affections; For know, that I am no leſs a Rewarder of Vertue, then a Puniſher of Vice: I believe my Confident Lover will brag no more of this Adventure; The Brick-bat has daſht in pieces all his Deſignes. And now, *Betty*, learn from hence the neceſſity of a wiſe Conducter even for Innocence it ſelf: Thou hadſt been quite loſt, and undone, had I not miraculouſly deliver'd thee from the Ambuſcade, which was laid to ruine thee; but, for the future I hope, all of you are ſufficiently inſtructed, how to behave your ſelves, ſhould he renew his attempts again.

Ralph. We have our Leſſon without book now; let him come when he will, and do his worſt, I defie him.

Sir *Salom.* But have a care you be not caught with his ſmooth Words, and fair Promiſes; What would you ſay to him now, if he ſhould come to you, and cry, *Ralph, honeſt* Ralph, *Wilt thou forget thy Friend? take a little pitty of me.*

Ralph. No; y'are a Rogue.

Sir *Salom.* Good: *But thou* Alice *at leaſt art ſo pretty and ſweet, thou canſt not be ſo hard-hearted.*

Allice. Y'are a Jack-ſtraw.

Sir *Salom.* Excellent! *Alaſs, What hurt is there in the thing which I ask? I intended nothing but Honour and Vertue.*

Ralph. Y'are a Cunning Catching Raſcal.

Sir *Salom.* Rarely

Sir *Salom.* Rarely well; *Nay then, if you take no compassion of me, I must die.*

Ralph. The sooner the better.

Sir *Salom.* Most incomparable? *You know, I am none of those, who use to forget the Courtesies done 'em: I never leave a Service unrewarded: And, to give you a taste of my gratefull nature,* Ralph, *here's for thee to Drink; and* Alice, *here's to buy thee a laced Handcarcher; This is but a small earnest of what I intend.*

[*They both take the Mony.*

Ralph. Am I a Man to be brib'd? stand off.

[*He gives him a great thrust.*

Sir *Salom.* That's right.

Allice. Get you out. [*Thrusts him too.*

Sir *Salom.* To the Life.

Ralph. Get you out. [*They both punch him.*

Sir *Salom.* As it should be.

Allice. But presently then.

Sir *Salom.* Mighty well? but now 'tis enough.

Ralph. Be gone then. [*They both thrust him about more then ever.*

Sir *Salom.* Hold I say.

Allice. We won't hold, you come to affront our Master Evans.

Sir *Salom.* I tell you I am in earnest.

Ralph. So are we too: wee'l do what our Master bid us.

Sir *Salom.* Give over, I say, or I'le break my Staff about your eares.

Allice. Must we give over so soon?

Sir *Salom.* How the Slaves have bruised me?

Ralph. What say you now, Sir? Han't we done as we should do?

Sir *Salom.* Extreamly well; only you were a little too slow of understanding to'rds the *Last*, and too quick in taking Mony at *First*.

Ralph. I Swear, I had quite forgot that part of my Lesson concerning Mony: But, since we were out, Shall we do it over again?

Sir *Salom.* No: 'Tis enough.

Ralph. Speak but the word, and we are ready.

Sir *Salom.* Y'ave done very fairly: ye may now withdraw, whil'ſt I talk a little in private with *Betty*. [*Exit* Ralph *and* Alice. *Betty*, methinks you are very ſilent; And yet that's a thing I like very well in a Woman, I know, poor heart, thy mind is troubled for the over-ſight thou didſt commit, not out of Malice, but through too much Innocence: But, *Betty*, be not diſmay'd; thy Fault is forgiven, and forgot: and, for a teſtimony of it, to morrow I'le Marry thee.

Betty. To Morrow, Sir? that's very ſoon.

Sir *Salom.* How comes it to paſs, that now 'tis too ſoon, when two hours ago you thought it hardly ſoon enough.

Betty. I am grown more knowing ſince that time; For, you have given me ſo many Admonitions concerning the Duty of a Wife, that 'tis impoſſible for me to have 'em perfect ſo ſoon.

Sir *Salom.* Thou ſhalt get them perfect by the practice of 'em: And, *Betty*, to let thee ſee, how my kindneſs is enlarged to'rds thee, and to Crown all my other benefits heaped upon thee, take this Writing, and preſerve it charily, for in this I make thee Miſtriſs of my whole Eſtate. Moreover, *Betty*, I'le tell thee a Secret, which thou little dream'ſt on; To morrow thou ſhalt be a Lady, and ſhalt have a place much above the Ranck of the Modern ones. And now, *Betty*, conſider well, what gratitude you owe the Author of ſo much happineſs—— Did the reſt of the World Marry at this prudent rate, we ſhould not hear ſuch loud Complaints of Wedlock-Fetters.

Let fooliſh Men their Marriage-Fate deplore;
Whil'ſt I to *Cupid* his loſt Eyes reſtore:
And all the Poyſon from his Darts remove,
By teaching Wiſdom in the School of Love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Fourth Act.

Enter Sir *Salomon, Single.*

Sir *Salom.* THis I muſt own to be the Fortunate Moment of my Life: For now the Harveſt is come of my long ripening Deſigns, which call for the Sickle. I touch the very Center of Human Felicity, which lies in that Point, where expectation ends, and fruition begins. I am now beholding to the late Aſſaults and Dangers I have ſuſtain'd, which add to the fullneſs of my Joy the Pleaſure of Victory. That I could but ſee the Countenance of my defeated Rival ſince his Salutation with the Brickbat? What a Change ſhall I find in the briskneſs of his Humour?

Enter Peregreen.

Pereg. Sir *Salomon*; I have been to waite on you at your Lodging; and have ſought you farr and neer.

Sir *Salom.* Good Mr. *Peregreen*, y'are heartily wellcome. Well; and how thrives Love? I ſuppoſe by this y'are in a fair poſſibility of enjoyment.

Pereg. Faith, Sir, that's the very buſineſs I have to conferr with you: I know not how it comes to paſs, but (to tell you truly) I have had ſome Traverſes in my Affairs, ſince I laſt imparted them to you.

Sir *Salom.* I proteſt, I'm extreamly ſorry for it. Why, What's the matter?

Pereg. Without diſpute, that watchfull Dragon, old *Evans*, ſmells the Powder, and ſtands upon his Guard to countermine all my Deſigns.

Sir *Salom.* What reaſon have you to think ſo?

Pereg. I know it muſt ſo: For, I had abſolutely gain'd thoſe two

two Animals, the Man, and Maid of the Family; and made them as tame, and obedient to all my purpoſes, as watch't Hawkes; And now (all on the ſudden) they are turn'd Haggard again, know me not, and repulſe me with ſuch rudeneſs, as if they had never ſeen my face, nor taken my Mony.

Sir *Salom.* What ill luck's this? But how in the name of Wonder ſhould this *Evans* come to the knowledge of your Deſign?

Pereg. I know not what Devil of Jealouſie has inſpir'd him; But too ſure I am, that he has me in the wind; For (not many houres ſince) going to viſit my *Betty*, as I uſe to do, when I came to the Houſe, and had one foot in, they ſhut the Door with violence upon me; and both Man and Maid cry'd out, VVhat make you here? here's nothing for you———

Sir *Salom.* I vow, this was very hard uſage; after they had taken your Mony too.

Pereg. However, I venter'd to knock once more; and preſently *Betty* her ſelf came to the Belcony, and threw a huge Brick-bat at me, telling me, That was her Anſwer to all I had to ſay.

Sir *Salom.* A Brick-bat, ſay you? That was an odd Favour for a Miſtriſs to beſtow on her Gallant: But, Did it hit you?

Pereg. No; I had the good fortune to avoid the blow.

Sir *Salom.* VVhat pitty 'tis, ſo hopeful a Deſign ſhould be knock't oth' head with a Brick-bat?

Pereg. Hold, Sir; for all this, ther's ſome life in't ſtill: and, I believe, old *Evans*, who was the Engineer, that rais'd this Battery againſt me, will have no cauſe at laſt to brag of his Victory.

Sir *Salom.* If the young VVench be o' your ſide, you may eaſily out-wit the old Man's Vigilance.

Pereg. I don't queſtion it; And, 'tis no ſmall part of my ſatisfaction, to think, how this Jealous Coxcomb fooles himſelf into a ſecurity upon this imaginary Rout.

Sir *Salom.* VVell, Sir; ——How he frights me?

Pereg. Now you ſhall ſee, that Love is an equal Conqueror of Art, and Nature; Firſt, in baffling all the ſubtlety, and ſtra-

tagems

tagems of that old Fox; And next, in making a cunning Pollitician of Innocent *Betty*.

Sir *Salom.* VVhere will this end? [*Apart.*

Pereg. For she, being constrain'd by her Tyrant to give me this unwilling Repulse, at the same time under the shelter of that Brick-bat dropt a Letter at my Feet so full of sweetness, and unsophisticated-love, expresst with so much Innocence, and Modesty, that now I'm no less charm'd with the beauty of her Mind, then with the Lovelines of her Person.

Sir *Salom.* I am relaps'd into Torment!——— [*apart.*

Pereg. Don't you admire this miraculous effect of Love, and readiness of wit in so ignorant, so unpractis'd a Creature? Methinks, you are not so affected with the strangeness of it, as the thing deserves.

Sir *Salom.* O, yes; I'm unspeakably surpriz'd.

Pereg. VVhen the Door was shut against me, and the bawling Servants houted at me, and the hand-granado was flung out to route the poor Lover, VVas not the Pollitick Conducter of this Stratagem all this while in a dainty Fooles-Paradice? Did he not act a pleasant Part in this Tragi-Comedy? VVhy don't you Laugh heartily at it? [*Sir* Salo. *squeezes out a forc'd Laughter.*

Sir *Salom.* I protest, I Laugh as heartily, as I can—How I'm worry'd by him!

Pereg. But, as you are my Friend, I must needs shew you her Letter; For, I believe, you never saw a more admirable piece in the kind: Do but hear it. [*Peregrine Reads.*

VVhat shall I do? I must write my Thoughts to you, and yet I know not how to chuse words to express them: For I have been bred in such ignorance, that all the knowledge I have, is, that I want it. This makes me fearfull of saying any thing, least I should say, what I ought not. I know not what 'tis y'ave done to me, but I find, it goes to my very heart to use you as I am forc'd to do. Mr. *Evans* does often Preach to me, That all young men are Deceivers; and, that 'tis their Trade by fair promises to cheat VVomen of their Honour, and then forsake 'em. Pray tell me whether it be so or no. I have no Malice my self; and, should you deceive me, 'twould be ill done, and I'm confident 'twould kill me——

Was

Was ever any thing ſo tender, and ſo raviſhing? How her Wit and her Love flow from the clear Fountain of Nature, without the leaſt tincture of Artifice? And, Is not this *Evans* a moſt unſufferable Beaſt to drown in ignorance and ſtupidity (as much as in him lies) ſo perfect a Soul, and ſo capable of the higheſt improvement?

Sir *Salom.* Oh!

Pereg. What ailes you, Sir?

Sir *Salom.* Nothing, but a Cold. Uh, uh, uh.

Pereg. I muſt needs beg your aſſiſtance a little in this buſineſs: For, I am a ſtranger in Town, and you are the only perſon I confide in. Could you not acquaint me with ſome of the Neighbours thereabouts, where I might have acceſs, to watch opportunities of ſpeaking with my Miſtriſs?

Sir *Salom.* No; I have not any acquaintance in that Quarter. Farewell.

Pereg. Pray Sir, ſtay a little longer: The kindneſs of friends ſhould be reciprocal. You have not told me any thing concerning the progreſs of your own Affairs: I ſuppoſe the Wedding holds for to morrow. I am reſolv'd (notwithſtanding the urgency of my own occaſions) to prepare my ſelf for it. But, Sir, Will you not grant me the favour to kiſs the fair hands of your Lady before the Marriage?

Sir *Salom.* It can't be: The time is ſhort. God b'ye.

[*Exit Sir* Salomon.

Pereg. This good Sir *Salomon* has a ſtrange Ague in his Nature: His Temper never holds the ſame for half an hour together. How pleaſant, and well humor'd he was, when firſt we began our diſcourſe; And after a while how ſullen, and ill at eaſe he ſeem'd to be? Poor *Single*! I pity thy hard Fortune, in having ſuch a Father. [*Exit* Peregreen.

Enter Sir Salomon.

Sir *Salom.* Is he gone at laſt?——Could any Devil, but he, be ſo skilfull in the Art of tormenting? Could any Devil, but ſhe, have ſo much untaught Mallice born in her Nature? My Patience and my Wits will forſake me! I have publiſh'd my Wedding,

ding, nam'd the Day, invited my Friends, and, Am I not finely provided with a Bride? I ſhall become the Diſcourſe of every Coffy-houſe, be Libell'd, Lampoon'd, Acted; and every Fool will think himſelf a Wit, when he talkes, and tells Stories of me———

Enter Timothy.

Sir Salomon *takes ſeveral turnes upon the Stage, and takes no notice of* Timothy, *who follows him from ſide to ſide.*

Timothy. Sir, according to your appointment, all things are in readineſs, as becomes your Quality, and the Solemnity of ſuch a Wedding. The Taylor, Milliner, Semſtreſs, and Periwig-Maker, for the ſetting forth your Perſon; And the Butcher, Polterer, Vintner, Confectioner, and Fruiterer, for ſetting forth the Feaſt, have all brought in their Proviſions. But, there is ſuch a tearing noiſe of Fidles, Drums, and Trumpets at your Lodging, to give your Worſhip Joy, that your whole Family are like Seamen in a Tempeſt, all bawling, and none hearing: They are His Majeſties Trumpets, and His Grace the Lord Generall's Drums. What will your Worſhip be pleas'd I ſhall give them?———

Sir *Salom.* A Halter———How all Mankind conſpires to torment me! Where ſhall I hide my head, [Timothy *ſtarts back,* and ſhelter my Perſon from the Scorn and Mockery of the World? Have I made it my buſineſs all my life to ſeparate my ſelf from the common heard of Fooles, and to laugh at the Diſaſters, which grew from their Principles of Folly? And, am I at laſt my ſelf betray'd by a Caprichiouſneſs of Fate to a degree of Contempt, and ridiculouſneſs below the moſt noted Fops, and celebrated Fooles of the Times?———

Timothy. What will your Worſhip be pleas'd I ſhall do?

Sir *Salom.* Hang your ſelf———[Tim. *ſtarts back again.* Well; if it muſt be ſo, at leaſt the World ſhall ſee, that I am none of thoſe tame Fools, that can be the Bawds of their own Infamy, and fairly hold intelligence with thoſe, who are the Authors of their Shame and Diſhonour. My revenge ſhall be

as loud as my disgrace; It shall be Writ in red Letters upon this insolent Robber, and Ravisher of my Affections, and my Honour; and upon that ungrateful young Viper; whom friendless, and indigent, cold, and naked, I took into my warm Bosome, nay more, into my Heart——

Timothy. I beseech your Worship to dispatch me: Your House is so full of all sorts of Tradesmen, and such a Rabble is got together about the Door (the Drums and Trumpets having proclaim'd a Wedding) that I fear your House and Goods are not safe.

Sir *Salom.* There's your dispatch, impertinent Varlet!

[*He kicks him off the Stage.*

Timothy. Why, Sir! 'tis I: Who d'ee take me for?

Sir *Salom.* I am to blame. This extravagance of Passion serves only to make my disgrace more visible: And my Resentment, making a noise in the World, will but sound a Trumpet, to draw more Company in to see the Monster.——All things duely weigh'd, Why should I lay the blame on others, when here within me lies my worst Enemy? An obstinate Love has taken possession of my heart, which makes an Ass of my Reason, and forceth me, though I know the Treason, to dote still upon the Traitor. Unjustly I condemn the amorous pursuit of a young Gallant, who is so ignorant of the wrong and affront he does me, that he calls me to Counsell in all his Plots and Contrivance against me! Why do I blame the seduced Ignorance of an Innocent Girle, whose want of knowledge (which causes my Disgrace) is the effect of that Education which I gave her? No: My designs of Revenge are vain, and unjust. I must pull down my Sailes to weather out this storme. My only Course will be, to marry her out of hand: That may open her eyes, to see her Duty; and his, to know the Injury he does me. Heaven! If it may be, make her honest; if not,

At least that strength of Patience grant to me,
Which I in other Husbands daily see.

[*Exit Sir* Salomon.

Enter

Enter Sir Arthur, VVary, Julia, *and* Roger.

Wary. VVhat? No Mr. *Single* appears yet.

Sir *Arthur.* Alaſs, Sir; he dares not ſhew his Face, when I am here.

Wary. Roger, to tell thee truly, my under- [*Apart to* Roger.
ſtanding is quite pos'd, what judgment to frame of this unexpected compliance in my Daughter. Methinks there's ſtill a Miſt before my Eyes; for I do not like theſe ſudden Converſions; they ſavour of Artifice and Deſign. [*Sir* Arthur *courts* Julia. However, I'm reſolv'd to drive it as farr as 'twill go: And therefore I'le immediately give directions to my Lawyer for drawing up the Marriage-VVritings. But, you muſt ſtay here, that in caſe Mr. *Single* comes, you may obſerve the paſſages between them.

Roger. I warrant you, Sir; I'le give you an account to a tittle of what's ſaid, or done.

Wary. Sir *Arthur*, my buſineſs calls me away in order to your Service: But, I leave you in good company. And, Daughter, I expect from you, that when Mr. *Single* comes, you ſhould give him ſuch a Diſmiſſion, as that neither you, nor I, may be any more importun'd by him. [*Exit* VVary.

Julia. Sir *Arthur*, I muſt confeſs, y'ave already given me abundant proof of your VVit; but, in regard I would fain have a thorough Veneration for him, I am to obey during life, Pray afford me ſome teſtimony of your Valour too: For that (you know) is as neceſſary to protect, as VVit is to govern the Subject.

Sir *Arthur.* Valour, Madam? why that's the only fault I am guilty of: I'm too raſh. I vow, Madam, my courage is ſo fierce and outragious, when I let it looſe, that I dare not ſtir abroad, nor meet any body, till I have firſt chain'd it up, like a curſt Maſty-dog, for fear of doing miſchief.

Julia. Good Sir, for my ſatisfaction unchain it now a little: Here's no body in the way, that can take any hurt, bnt *Roger* there; and, if you'l venter your Dog, I'le venter my Fathers Devil.

Sir *Arth.* O ſweet Lady! for your own dear ſake, I would not do it for a World. Alaſs, Madam, it flies at all, when 'tis looſe, without any diſtinction of Perſons; and where it layes hold, it worryes.

Enter Single.

Julia. O terrible!——— But look'ee; The Gentleman's come at laſt.———What? Am I grown ſo out of Credit with you, that when I ſend my mind by a perſon ſo worthy of belief, as Sir *Arthur Addel*, both my Meſſage, and Meſſenger are to be ſlighted?

Single. Madam, in common Juſtice no man is allow'd for good Evidence, when he ſpeaks in his own Cauſe.

Sir *Arth.* *apart to Julia.* Take him up ſhort: Don't let him ſhew his Wit: He has a ſmooth Tongue of his own, and will draw you in.

Julia. I'm come to ſee, whether I at leaſt may obtain the favour of your belief.

Single. I hope, I ſhall have no cauſe given me to think you untrue; and then I muſt believe you.

Sir *Arthur.* O Madam; you give him too much head——— [*Apart to* Julia.

Julia. Know then, that Sir *Arthur* was a perſon ſent, and authoriz'd by me; and all that he told you, is true concerning your Letter, and his Admiſſion.

Roger. O, well ſaid, ſweet young Lady! How my Maſter's heart will be over-joy'd at it!

Sir *Arthur.* Is it I that am to be blam'd now?——— [*Apart to* Single.

Single. Madam, I ſubmit: For there's no Appeal for him, whom you condemn.

Sir *Arthur.* I ſay ſtill, Have a care of him— [*Apart to* Julia.

Julia. Come, Sir; ſtand before me. What Woman can do leſs, that looks upon Sir *Arthur Addel*, then yield her ſelf up to ſo fair an Eſtate, ſo comely a Perſon, ſuch a graceful carriage, ſo excellent a Witt, ſuch modeſty in uſing it, ſuch invincible Courage——

Sir *Arthur.* O Madam, ſuch truths are not to be ſpoke before my face.

Roger. I'm glad ſhe likes him ſo well: But did ſhe know all. [*apart.*

Julia. Now, Sir; What have you to ſay in your own behalf, to counter-ballance the perfections of ſuch a Competitour?

Single. Madam, I am nothing, but what you pleaſe to make me.

Julia. I would make you underſtand your ſelf and me; and that I am a perſon worthy of belief: nor ſhall all the perſwaſions of the World ever ſeduce me from a well taken reſolution.

Roger. You ſay right, Madam; eſpecially when your Father directs, and commands it.

Julia. Eſpecially, when my Father provides a Perſon every way ſo qualify'd for a Husband, as the famous Sir *Arthur Added.*

Sir *Arth.* I vow, Madam, you raviſh me. Shall we be Marry'd to night? [*Apart to* Julia.

Single. How ambiguous ſhe is? Was ever man ſo parted in two between Happineſs, and Miſery?—— [*Apart.*

Julia. To hold you all no longer in ſuſpence, know, that I have now before my eyes the Objects both of my Scorn, and my Eſteem: The one by a juſt title of deſert has poſſeſſion of my Heart; The other by his bold and rude Addreſſes, has rais'd a juſt Averſion in me, and contempt of his perſon. After this Declaration let me ſee, which is that impudent Man, who dares continue in my preſence? [*Exit* Single.

Sir *Arth.* I, let him go: His guilty Conſcience makes him fly ——But Madam, you forgot your promiſe of binding him to the Peace: He's a troubleſome unruly Fellow.

Julia. O, call him again.

Sir *Arth.* Mr. *Single*, Mr. *Single*; The Lady has ſomething more to ſay to you—I proteſt, Sir, this is all her own doing; I had not the leaſt hand in it: you muſt not be angry with me. [*Apart to* Single.

Julia. I have alſo this command for him of you too, whom I love,

love, that he ſhall not make the Pretenſions of his Rival, any ground of a difference or quarrel.

Sir *Arth.* Madam, your Commands ſhall bind my hands: Though Rivalſhip be a hard thing to diſgeſt.

Julia. Mr. *Single*, Y'ave now your liberty to retire.

Roger. And, pray Sir, let's ſee you here no more: It is my old Maſter's expreſs command as well as my young Miſtreſſe's here. [*Exit* Single.

Sir *Arth.* If he comes again, your Order, Madam, for a Ceſſation of Armes muſt ceaſe, become void, and of no effect.

Julia. I hope, Sir *Arthur*, he will be ſo diſcreet, as not to put you upon deſperat courſes: But, ſhould the worſt happen, 'tis but unchaining your Maſty Dogg.

Sir *Arthur.* If he makes me do ſo, he ſhall ee'n anſwer himſelf for all the Miſchief that's done.

Julia. And ſo he may, without holding up his hand at the Barr. But, Sir *Arthur*, the freſhneſs of the Evening warnes me to retire: I know, you'l Gallant me to my Lodging.

Sir *Arth.* O yes, Madam——— Poor thing! ſhe can't live a moment without me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Peregreen, *and* Woodlands *Man in riding apparel.*

Pereg. But, Art thou ſure my Father will be here to night?

Servant. Yes, Sir. He comes in company with one Mr.——— ('Faith, Sir, I've forgot his name) a rich Merchant, newly arriv'd from the *Indies:* And, he ſent me before to find you out, that he might not fail to ſpeak with you about ſome very earneſt buſineſs, as ſoon as he came to Town.

Pereg. What ſhould this buſineſs be?

Servant. I believe, Sir, I can tell you ſomething of it, by what I have over-heard.

Pereg. Prethy what is't?

Servant. Your Worſhip then muſt promiſe to keep my Counſel: otherwiſe I ſhall gain a great deal of ill will with my

my old Master, first for over-hearing, and then revealing his private Discourses.

Pereg. Take my word for thy Security.

Servant. That I will for all I'm worth: And, to tell you truly, Sir, I did ee'n long to be the first, that should bring you this good Newes.

Pereg. Good News? Of what?

Servant. Of being Marry'd out of hand to a young Lady, who, (they say) is vastly rich, and hugely handsome.

Pereg. And do'st thou call this good News? I had rather thou hadst told me, That to Morrow I must have gone to Goale, nay more, to Execution; For in one, a man may hope to be releast from Misery, and the other is an end of it: But, to be Marry'd so soon, and having newly tasted Liberty, to have it snatcht away from me for ever, is more then I can suffer. No: My Father must excuse me; All other things he may do of himself without me; but, Marriage is a Work, which I must do, not he.

Servant. I hope, Sir, you are not in earnest; For, by all that I can perceive, my Master's heart is so set upon this business———

Enter Single.

Pereg. Well, well; You may go rest your self after your Journy.

Servant. But, Where shall I find you, Sir, when your Father's come?

Pereg. Either here, or under the Arches in *Covent-Garden.* [*Exit* Servant.

Dear *Single*, Fortune has at last decreed, as we are joyn'd in Friendship, to joyn us in Adversity.

Single. What's the matter?

Pereg. I have told you many passages of Love between *Betty* and me; But, I never fully confess'd to you, how deep the impression was she has made upon my heart. Ah *Single!* she's the very same thing in every respect to me, that the fair *Julia* is to you.

Single. If

Single. If this declaration of Love be in earneſt, I doubt y'are paſt the Cure of Reaſon: Otherwiſe, I ſhould endeavour to diſſwade my dear *Peregreen* from a Paſſion (if it tend to Marriage) every way ſo unequal to him.

Pereg. Ar't thou a Lover thy ſelf, and, Can'ſt thou talke of inequality in Love.

Single. I've done; You ſhall hear no more from me: But, pray, give me leave to be ſorry.

Pereg. You miſplace your Sorrow; 'Tis not here that I want it: But, what I now ſhall tell you, will too juſtly deſerve the compaſſion of a Friend. Whil'ſt my Affections are thus unalterably preingag'd, juſt now my Father comes to Town with a poſitive determination (as I'm inform'd) of matching me to one of his own providing, whoſe Perſon, and Fortune (they ſay) are ſuch, as to render my diſobedience to him unexcuſable in the Eyes of the World. Judge then in what condition I am: Uncertain of my Love; for, ſhe's in the hands of my Enemy, her Goaler *Evans*; And only certain of my Father's juſt indignation.

Single. Methinks, your Paſſion for *Betty* in ſo ſhort a time ſhould not have taken ſuch deep roots, but that another might be planted in the roome on't, when a Fortune is offer'd by your Father, ſo much above her in quality and Eſtate, and perhaps not inferiour in Beauty.

Pereg. Deal more juſtly with a Friend: Is it in your power not to love *Julia*? Nor is it more in mine to relinquiſh *Betty*. No; whatever befalls me, I'm reſolv'd this very night to get her into my poſſeſſion, and then Marry her: Which being done, I ſhall endeavour to obtain my Fathers Pardon, for what I could not gain his Conſent.

Single. Well, Sir; ſince I cannot ſerve you with my Counſell, at leaſt I offer you my Perſon, to aſſiſt you in the execution of your deſign.

Pereg. No (dear *Single*;) I know your own occaſions of a like nature require your whole attendance: Beſides, I look upon your Father, as a more proper Inſtrument for me in this Work. He's already acquainted with it; and has promis'd ſecrecy; and his Perſon (being a Man of years) appearing at

Bettys

Betty's Lodging, will be leſs ſubject to the ſuſpition of old *Evans.* Moreover, by employing him, I hope to get a ſight of his intended Bride; For, in all my own Diſtractions, I cannot be unmindfull of your Concernes.

Single. Your Generoſity may teach the World new Leſſons of Friendſhip, whilſt even in your own Diſtreſs you continue ſuch care for me: Thanks to my Stars, my heart is now at ſome eaſe concerning *Julia's* conſtancy: I confeſs, ſhe frighted me at firſt with that very Vizard, which I bid her put on; But ſince, through that Diſguiſe, ſhe has artificially caſt ſuch beams of Comfort on me, as have reviv'd my drooping Spirits.

Pereg. May Fortune continue her ſmiles upon you. Farewell; I muſt to your Father about my buſineſs.

Single. And I muſt find out Sir *Arthur*, to renew a ſtrict League of Amity with him. May we both proſper!

[*Exeunt* Peregreen *and* Single.

Enter Sir Salomon, *and Mrs.* Betty.

Sir *Salom. Betty*, Have you ſaid your Prayers to day?

Betty. O yes, Sir.

Sir *Salom.* And, D'ee know what 'tis to die?

Betty. To die? I remember I ſaw one of my Nurſes Daughters die in the Country.

Sir *Salom.* And, How did you like it?

Betty. O, very ill: She was a pretty Girle before; but, when ſhe was dead, I was afraid to look upon her.

Sir *Salom. Betty*, you muſt die; and die preſently.

Betty. No ſure, Sir; For I'm as well, as ever I was in my life.

Sir *Salom.* How unconcernedly ſhe anſwers? ——*apart.*—I ſay again, within this quarter of an hour you muſt die.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, you fright me; and yet I can't ſee any danger of death.

Sir *Salom.* Wicked Girle! Look upon thy Treaſon againſt thy Lord, and Maſter; thy Ingratitude to thy Benefactor; thy falſeneſs to him, that muſt be thy Husband: Remember the Letter thou drop'ſt to day in the Street; and then look upon

me, and tell me, Do'ſt thou ſee no danger of death?—What, Are you dumb?——Why don't you anſwer? you can't ſpeak to me; but you can write to your lewd Gallant?

Betty. You put me in ſuch a fright, that I am not able to ſpeak.

Sir *Salom.* Huſſee, you were not afraid to break my Commands, to betray me, to be ſtrumpeted by a wild young Fellow: In all Miſchief y'are bold enough; but, when you are to hear your faults, and to anſwer for your Crimes, then your Fears come upon you!

Betty. I can't ſpeak for my life, when you look ſo terribly upon me: look but as you uſe to do, and I'le anſwer you any thing.

Sir *Salom.* How in ſpight of my teeth ſhe breaks the force of my Anger, and diſarmes it with her ſoftneſs!——Tell me then, Why did you write that Letter, after I had forbid you all Communication with him?

Betty. I writ it, becauſe it goes againſt my Nature to hurt any body; And, ſince you would needs have me throw that great Stone at him, I could not chuſe but let him know, I did it againſt my will.

Sir *Salom.* O, how tender you are in hurting him! whilſt at the ſame time you make nothink of breaking my heart, deſtroying my happineſs, ruining my Reputation, who have been a Nurſe, a Father, and would have been a Husband to thee.

Betty. Indeed I'm beholding to you for your care of me; And, when I'm able, I'le ſatisfie you for it.

Sir *Salom.* Satisfie me? How the Gipſy word's it! How canſt thou ſatisfie me for all the good I have done to thee, and all the miſchief thou haſt done to me?

Betty. God forbid I ſhould do you any miſchief: I know of none I have done you.

Sir *Salom.* What Devil has taught thee to ſin thus without Remorſe? Thy Ignorance cannot excuſe thee: For, Have I not daily inſtructed thee for two years together in thy Obedience, and duty of a Wife? Have I not hourly inculcated into thee, That thou ought'ſt not ſo much as to look upon a young

Man;

Man; and that thou wert born and made to no other end, but to love me?

Betty. Truly, Sir, I love you as well as I can: And, if I love you no better, 'tis not my fault; you ſhould make your ſelf more lovely.

Sir *Salom.* How innocently ſhe ſtabb's me with her [*apart.* Anſwers! No, Gipſy; you can love well enough when y'ave a mind to't, and where you ſhould not: You can Love an impudent Raviſher, who comes to defloure thee, and leave thee a forlorn, proſtituted thing, abandon'd to Beggery, and Shame; Him thou canſt love: But me, who have rais'd thee from nothing, bred thee as my Child, made thee Miſtriſs both of my Heart and Fortune; me thou canſt not love: I (forſooth) muſt make my ſelf more Lovely.

Betty. What would you ha' me do? I'le do any thing I can, to give you content.

Sir *Salom.* Then I command you to renounce all manner of kindneſs to this bold Aſſaulter of your Honour, and mine, and never more to ſee him, nor ſo much as think upon him.

Betty. That's impoſſible for me to do: For, now I know him, I muſt love him, and ſee him too, when I may.

Sir *Salom.* O impudence! to tell me this to my face? Had ſhe been bred in the moſt famous Schools of Iniquity? Had ſhe been Prentice all her life to the ableſt She-Profeſſors of the Trade? Could ſhe have own'd her Tranſgreſſion with a more daring Confidence? Since thou art ſo impenitent, and hardned in thy Sin, expect no Mercy—Behold this. [*He draws his Sword.* Art thou not affraid of my Anger? I hope, now th'art to die, thou'lt repent thee of thy Sins; and (above all) of thy abominable Love of this wicked Man who has ſo bewitch'd thee.

Betty. Sure you won't kill me: But, if you ſhould, I muſt not leave the World with a Lie in my Mouth, and ſay, I don't Love this young Man: For indeed I can't chuſe but love him. And, I think, it is no Sin, when I can't help it.

Sir *Salom.* How ſhe argues the Caſe! Where has ſhe learn't this Cunning, and this undauntedneſs? Ah! ſhe holds intelligence with my heart, and knows the power ſhe has there, which grows ſtronger and ſtronger upon me, in ſpight of all her neg-

lect to me, and Love to my Rival——Here, *Betty*; Do you take this Sword: Take it, and kill me. For all the care I have had of thee, for all that I have done, and meant to do for thee (since thou wilt not love me) I ask thee no other reward.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, I would not kill you, though 'twere to save my own life: And I'le endeavour to love you as well as ever I can.

Sir *Salom.* Nay, unless you'l love me better then that young Man, I must die.

Betty. No, pray don't: What are you the worse, because I love him? You shant lose a Farthing by it. To content you, I should be glad with all my heart I had never seen him, and did not love him: But, now 'tis done, who can help it?

Sir *Salom.* How immovable she is! Neither Threats, nor Kindness work upon her. Well, Marry her I will; and take my venture——*Betty*, notwithstanding all your unkindness, I'le be as good as my word, and Marry you.

Betty. Marry me? To whom?

Sir *Salom.* Ah, cruel Girle! Why do'st thou stab me with such a question? Love me, or love me not, I'le be your Husband to morrow.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, that's very short warning.

Sir *Salom.* No more words: I'le have it so. When thou see'st the Bravery, and fine things I've prepar'd for thee, thou'lt be of a better mind.

Betty. If it must be so, I can't help it.

Sir *Salom.* Come, get you in; and pray to Heaven, that thou may'st be sensible of the happiness I intend thee.

[*Exit* Betty.

Sir Salomon *goes off the Stage the other way, and at the Door meets* Peregreen *coming in.*

Enter Peregreen.

Pereg. Sir *Salomon*, I have been in despair for want of seeing you; For you are my good Angel——

Sir *Salom.* And you my Devil——— [*Apart.*

Pereg. That must direct and assist me, and crown all your past

past favours with the most important kindness that I am capable of receiving.

Sir *Salom.* What is't, Sir ?

Pereg. Only to deliver this Letter safely to my *Betty:* On her receipt of it depends no less, then the happiness of my life. I dare not approach the House my self by day-light, because the Servants know me, who are now turn'd of old *Evans* his Party: Nor can I put my concerns in such trusty hands as yours.

Sir *Salom.* Does it require haste in the delivery?

Pereg. O, by all means: The Lodging is close by; 'Tis a Corner House, with a Belcony, that looks into the Fields here, next to *Swan-Ally*: You may see the House from hence. Now, Sir, the way to deliver it, that neither old *Evans*, nor his Houshold-Spies may see it, is to tie it to something, and then toss it up into the Belcony: By the manner of the conveyance *Betty* will presently know whence it comes, and how to behave her self: And, this is the proper time of doing it; For, at this hour she alwayes comes out in the Belcony, to take a little fresh Air of the Evening; It being all the liberty allow'd her by her Jaylor.

Sir *Salom.* Well, Sir; This is all.

Pereg. It imports me likewise, that you should know the business. My passion for *Betty* is now come to that height, that I'm resolv'd instantly to Marry her. But (most unfortunately to my Designs) my Father comes this night to Town; and with a resolution (as I am certainly inform'd) to strike up a Bargain of Marriage for me of his own driving. In these Streights I have no expedient left to prevent his purpose, and execute my own, but to get possession of *Betty*, and Marry her out of hand. Though my Fathers present dissatisfaction may be great, yet, I hope, time will mollifie him; And I doubt not but your good Offices will much contribute towards it.

Sir *Salom.* You may be sure of me. But, when d'ee purpose to get possession of your Mistris?

Pereg. This very Night, as soon as 'tis dark; for, by that time *Evans* alwayes retires to his own quarters.

Sir *Salom.* But, What place of security have you to lodge her in, when y'ave brought her off?

Pereg. There

Pereg. There lies my greateſt difficulty; And, were it not too bold a Petition, I ſhould think no place ſo ſafe and honourable for her reception, as your houſe, only for a day or two, till I've made her my Wife: But, Sir, I have treſpaſs'd already too farr upon your generoſity, and dare tranſgreſs no farther.

Sir *Salom.* O Sir, your modeſty does me wrong. To miſtruſt the kindneſs of a Friend, is the greateſt ſin in Friendſhip. Bring her when you will, you ſhall find, that my Houſe is her Home.

Pereg. You ſurpaſs all Men living in the noble Art of obliging a Friend. But, upon reflection, ſince y'are to be Marry'd your ſelf to morrow, I fear her coming at ſuch a time may prove unſeaſonable.

Sir *Salom.* So farr from it, that I'm reſolv'd not to be Marry'd without her.

Pereg. You are generous to that exceſs, that you leave me not a poſſibility of being grateful. And now, Sir, I have nothing more to begg of you, but the Honour of kiſſing your Ladies hands before her Marriage; that I may obtain an early place in her favour, by letting her know what my Obligations are to you.

Sir *Salom.* Matters of Complement and Curioſity require no haſte: But, ſince you ſo much deſire it, I give you my word, That, when you bring Mrs. *Betty* to me, you ſhall then ſee my Wife.

Pereg. You make me happy every way, except in this, that I owe you more then I am worth; And am forc'd, like other Banckrupts, to compound my Debts, begging you to accept thoſe ſmall Services I can pay, in lieu of the vaſt Summ that's due.

Sir *Salom.* O, Sir, you miſtake in the Account between us: I am yet in your Arrears, which I ſhall endeavour to diſcharge out of hand, by ſerving you in this buſineſs concerning Mrs. *Betty*, as I ought.

Pereg. Dear Sir *Salomon*, Farewell; And good luck attend you.

[*Exit* Peregreen.

Sir *Salom.* Doubt not, young Man, I'le ſerve you as I ought;
As Men ſerve Vermine, that in Traps are caught.

[*Exit Sir* Salomon.

The

The Fifth Act.

Enter Sir Salomon, *and* Timothy.

Timothy. WHat? Kick your Steward? The Supreme Head of the Family under your Worſhip? 'Tis ſuch an Affront done to my Office, as I cannot in honour put up: Therefore, as I ſaid before, here are my Keyes, and here are my Accounts; and ſo I take my leave.

Sir *Salom.* Nay, prethy, *Timothy*, be pacify'd: Good-natur'd Men (thou know'ſt) are ſubject to Paſſion.

Timot. But Stewards, Sir, are not ſubject to be kick't. Shew me but one Preſident for it amongſt all thoſe of my Profeſſion, and I'le be bound to be your Worſhips Football as long as I live.

Sir *Salom.* Indeed the Caſe is extraordinary; And ſo was the Cauſe; and ſo ſhall the Satisfaction be: For, *Timothy*, I'le give thee in amends a Childes Life in thy Copy-hold.

Timot. Well, Sir; ſince 'tis your ſeeking, I accept of the Reparation———Sir, I have two or three Children more yet unprovided for; if your Worſhip will be pleas'd to kick them into Livings too, I ſtand ready to have their Fines laid upon me.

Sir *Salom.* So, ſo; I'm glad wee're friends again. Now call in my Family; For, I have ſomething of ſ Tim. *whiſtles, and* conſequence, which I muſt propound to you? *the* Servants *enter.* all. Come forwards: If any body here thinks his Work too much, or his Wages too little, or his Lodging and Fare too hard; *Timothy*, I order you to give him all reaſonable ſatisfaction.

All. God bleſs your Worſhip.

Sir *Salom.* And

Sir *Salom.* And I doubt not on your parts, but y'are all ready to ſerve my Perſon, and vindicate my Honour, as occaſion ſhall require.

All. Our Lives are at your Service.

Sir *Salom.* Know then, that this very moment I am actually aſſaulted by an inſolent young Fellow, who, to night Plots no leſs Miſchief, then to Raviſh my Bride.

Timot. What manner of death would your Worſhip have him die?

Sir *Salom.* No; let not his Puniſhment be Capitall, nor Sanguinary; but loade him with as many Blows, and as much Infamy, as you can.

Timot. Shew us but the Man, and your Worſhip ſhall ſee, that we are as able to ſerve you in chaſtiſing your Enemies, as entertaining your Friends.

Enter Mr. Woodland's *Servant.*

W. Serv. Pray, Gentlemen, can you direct me to the Lodging of Sir *Salomon Single?*

Timot. Friend, there's Sir *Salomon* himſelf.

W. Serv. Squire *Woodland*, my Maſter, commanded me to let you know, that he is newly come to Town upon ſome buſineſs, in which your Worſhip is concern'd; and deſires, he may ſpeak with you before you go to bed.

Sir *Salom.* Friend, tell thy Maſter, that, if I can poſſibly, I'le waite upon him: Where's his Lodging?

W. Serv. At a Barbers, next doore to the *Fleece*-Tavern in *Southampton*-Buildings.

Sir *Salom.* Very well——*apart*——In what a ſeaſonable hour this old Man's come to Town, to ſee the Iniquity of his Son chaſtis'd? However, my perſon ſhall not appear upon the Stage in this Tragedy; I'le only prompt behind the Curtain. [*Exeunt Sir* Salomon *and his* Servants.

W. Serv. Where ſhall I find my young Maſter now, the Lord knows. This was one of the places he appointed——

Enter

Enter Single, *and* Peregreen *looking upon his Watch.*

Pereg. The time draws near; yet, didſt thou know (*Single*) with what panting expectation I long to be poſſeſt of my Treaſure, thou wouldſt pity the Torment, which each Moment brings me, by interpoſing it ſelf between me and my Happineſs.

W. Serv. O, Sir; well met! My old Maſter's newly come to Town, and by all means muſt ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Pereg. Peace, Screech-Owl! I think that Fellow was born to bring me ill Newes.

W. Serv. In troth, Sir, I think ſo too: For, if to Marry a rich handſom Lady, and to ſee your Father after ſo long an abſence, be ill Newes, I'm ſure I can bring you none that's good.

Pereg. Ah, *Single!* What ſhall I do? I muſt not diſappoint *Betty*; and I ſhould not neglect my Father.

Single. None can tell you better, then I, what the danger is of diſguſting a Father, though innocently: And yet I'm too much a Lover my ſelf to adviſe a breach of promiſe with your Miſtriſs. To ſatisfie both, you muſt defer your going to *Betty* for an hour, or thereabouts. Your Father muſt needs be weary after his Journy; and cannot hold you long: And, that ſhe may not think her ſelf diſappointed by you, write a note to her, to let her know the occaſion.

Pereg. But, Who ſhall deliver it?

Single. Had not I a private ſummons from *Julia* to meet her juſt at this time, I'de be your Man: But, you may ſend your Father's Servant there.

Pereg. Send him? He ſcarce knows the Town by day; much leſs by night.

Enter Sir Arthur Addell.

What makes this Fool come to diſturb us now?

Single. O, pray bear with him: By a ſpecial command from *Julia* I am now enter'd into a ſtrict League of Amity with him. Faith, ee'n ſend him with the Note; and you'l do me a parti-

cular kindneſs in it; for otherwiſe, hee'l ſtick upon me like a Burr, and diſappoint my meeting with *Julia*.

Pereg. With all my heart.

Sir *Arthur.* Why, Gentleman, Where have you been? Theſe two long houres I have done nothing but hunt after you.

Single. Well, Sir, For what?

Sir *Arth.* Faith, I have made a diſcovery of the rareſt Champaine-Wine in Town: Prethee, let's go, and fill our Earthen Veſſels with it;

For we are but brittle Clay,
Then let's be Merry whil'ſt we may.

Single. O brave *Arthur* of *Bradly!* The Motion's good in it ſelf, but not ſeas'nable for us at this time; for, we have buſineſs, in which you muſt do a Friends part.

Sir *Arthur.* Thou knowſt (Man) I love Buſineſs: What is't? Quickly.

Single. Only to deliver a note for our Friend *Peregreen* here: But 'tis of high Concern, for there's a Miſtriſs in the Caſe; and therefore we chuſe a Man of Ability for the Employment.

Sir *Arthur.* Come, give it me; I long to be in Action.

Pereg. You ſhall have it immediately, [Peregreen *writes.*

Sir *Arthur.* Faith, *Single*, never let's break good company: Prethy, come along with me, when I deliver this Note.

Single. Could I have gone, you ſhould not have had the trouble on't; But, I am preingag'd.

Sir *Arth.* Prethy, Where?

Single. Why——to tell you, as a Friend, I have an appointment juſt now to receive a little Mony; and, that's a buſineſs (you know) I muſt not neglect.

Sir *Arthur.* Hang Mony: A Friends Company is better then it, at any time.

Single. Why, there's the difference between us two now: You have too much Mony, and want Company; and I have too much Company, and want Mony.

Pereg. Well, Gentlemen, I have done. Sir *Arthur*, Have you a Watch about you?

Sir *Arth.* No, Sir; not I.

Pereg. Here

Pereg. Here, take mine; and preciſely at half an hour paſt eight, deliver this Note to a young Lady at the Corner houſe that has a Belcony, which looks into *Holborn*-Fields, next to *Swan-Ally.*

Sir *Arth.* I know the place.

Pereg. But you muſt knock gently at the back-door of the Garden, to'rds the Fields; and, when ſhe appears, give her the Note, and tell her, He who ſent it, will be with her about an hour hence, or ſooner, if he can.

Sir *Arth.* Take no further care; your buſineſs ſhall be punctually done.

Pereg. Y'are an obliging perſon, Sir *Arthur*——Come, *Harry*; Now I am for my Father. [*Exit* Pereg. *and* W. Servant.

Sir *Arth.* But hark'ee, Mr. *Single*; Did not you tell me, that this *Peregreen* was one of my Rivals? I vow now (upon better conſideration) Why ſhould I do ſuch a kindneſs for an Enemy? for ought that I know, there may be ſome trick in't.

Single. 'Tis true, I did tell you, that he was then newly enter'd the Liſt of your Rivalls: But now (take my word for't) he's ſo farr from it, that he's engag'd elſewhere: And this kindneſs which you are now to do for him, relates to his new Amour.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, I'le take your word for't——

Enter Mr. Wary.

O, Father-in-Law?

Single. Sir *Arthur*, farewell.

Sir *Arth.* God buy, Sir.

Wary. I'm glad I've found you at laſt; for, I ſent my Man all the Town over to look you.

Sir *Arth.* And now you have me, What have you to ſay to me?

Wary. You muſt needs come away immediately with me to my Lawyers Chamber.

Sir *Arth.* Excuſe me, Sir; I muſt not.

Wary. I have appointed a Meeting about the Marriage Writings, and both our Counſell are already there.

Sir *Arth.* There let 'em waite; I'le pay 'em by the hour.

Wary. I thought, Sir, you had been more in haſte, and more preſſing in matters that concern your affection to my Daughter.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, take it not ill, good Sir: your Daughter and I underſtand one another very well; we don't ſtand upon ſuch Punctillio's.

Wary. I am affraid, ſhe underſtands you but too well. [*apart.*

Sir *Arth.* Let me ſee——VVhat a Clock is't now? Some half an hour hence I can be there; till then Mr. Lawyer muſt have patience. [*He looks in the Watch.*

Wary. VVell, Sir, if it muſt be ſo, then I'le go before: But firſt, pray, Sir, let me give you a little good advice.

Sir *Arth.* You need not, Sir; we ſhall go to Counſell within this half hour.

Wary. 'Tis the Adviſe of a Friend, not of a Lawyer, that I would give you. I perceive, that you are very much in the company of this Mr. *Single*, who, in my judgment, is, for ſeveral reſpects, a perſon very unfit and dangerous for you to converſe with: Firſt, he has a great deal of Wit, and no Meanes——

Sir *Arth.* Which is to ſay, I have a great deal of Means, and no Wit——Go on, Sir.

Wary. Not ſo neither. In the next place, he is, or has been your Rivall to'rds my Daughter: Now judge you, VVhat Friendſhip you can expect from an indigent Man, whom you have diſpoſſeſt of all hopes to raiſe his ſunck Fortune?

Sir *Arth.* Hark'ee, Sir, You are Mrs. *Julia's* Father, Are you not?

Wary. Yes, Sir. VVhat makes you aske ſuch a Queſtion?

Sir *Arth.* 'Tis well you are: Otherwiſe I ſhould be bold to tell you, That I'm already provided of a wiſer Governor then your Worſhip, by name, Sir *Arthur Addel.* S'liddikins, I have liv'd to a fair Age, if every old Man muſt take upon him to be my Tutour.

Wary. I'm

Wary. I'm ſorry my good Will's loſt upon you. However, pray fail not to come according to your promiſe. [*Exit* Wary.

Sir *Arth.* No, no——— [*He looks in the Watch.* Gods ſo; whilſt I have been talking idely with this old Fellow, I have almoſt ſlipt the time of my buſineſs———VVhere ſhall I find this Lodging now?——I was but an Aſs (to ſay the truth) for undertaking this Owle-light employment—— How dark 'tis grown all of a ſudden? ———Let me ſee; This muſt be the Houſe.

Sir Arthur *knocks, and Sir* Salomon's *Men ruſh forth, and lay hold of him.*

Enter Timothy *and* Servants.

Oh! oh!

Tim. Suffer patiently; y'had beſt: If you make a Noiſe, you die for't.

Sir *Arth.* Quickly, quickly; pray take my Mony and my Cloaths, and uſe me gently.

Tim. If he ſpeaks one word more, cut his Throat——No, Sir; your Puniſhment muſt not be Pecuniary, but Corporal: your Crime is Letchery; and, the Body muſt ſuffer for the Sins of the Fleſh.

Sir *Arth.* Murder! murder! murder! [*They beat him. He ſprawles like a dying Man, and then ſtreches out as dead.*

Tim. VVhat? Is he dead?

1. *Serv.* Some unlucky blow has hit him under the Eare.

2. *Serv.* 'Pox take him for a Chicken-hearted Fellow, to die ſo ſoon.

Tim. Unfortunate men that we are! VVhat will become of us?

3. *Serv.* The Gallows take the hindmoſt, I cry.

The Third Man runs away, and all the reſt follow.

Ralph *peeps out of Mrs.* Bettys *Lodgings twice, or thrice,* *Sir* Salomon *comes forth.*

Sir *Salom.* VVhat's the Matter?———The Rogues have undone

undone me by thus over-doing their Work! This will cover me with ſhame, and infamy, and bring in queſtion my Life, and Eſtate! What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I fly——I hear the noiſe of Juſtice—— [*Sir* Salom. *flies away.*

Enter the Conſtable and Watch.

1. *Watch-man.* I'm ſure I heard a cry of Murder,——Look Neighbour, here has been Miſchief done. The Man is dead.

2. *Watch-man.* Come, let's carry him off.

Conſtable. No, no; let's firſt call the Coroner; 'Tis dangerous medling, till he has ſate upon the dead Body; after that, he may be buried out of the way.

[*Exeunt* Conſtable *and* Watch.

Sir Arthur *looks up.*

Sir *Arth.* How? Carry me off, and Bury me, ſaid they? I'le ſhew 'em a trick worth two on't.

{*He run's to the end of the Stage, and then turns back.*

'Tis better dying of ones own accord, as I have done, then by compulſion of others, as I muſt have done. [*Exit Sir* Arthur.

Ralph peeps firſt, and then enters.

Ralph. What? all run away? And the dead Man too? Then I'le 'een run too for Company. [Ralph *runs away.*

Enter Betty, *with a Basket in her hand, and* Allice.

Betty. What was this Noiſe, and out-cry, which we heard? Pray God there be no hurt done.

Allice. Yes, but there is hurt done; For, I heard 'em ſay, he was kill'd?

Betty. Kill'd? Tell me quickly, Who's kill'd?

Allice. As

Allice. As long as you are alive, What need you trouble your ſelf?

Betty. Thou naughty Wench; I could find in my heart to beate thee: Tell me, I ſay, VVho was kill'd?

Allice. I did not ſee him; but, I believe, 'tis the young Man that us'd to come hither, by what I could over-hear.

Betty. VVhere are the Rogues that did it? I'le kill 'em with my own hands; or, if I can't, I'le kill my ſelf. Help me, *Allice*, to find them out.

Allice. Nay, Pray Miſtriſs, have patience.

Betty. I will not have patience: I'le either be reveng'd on them, or on her, for whoſe ſake he was kill'd.

Allice. VVhy Miſtriſs; now I think on't, if any body had been kill'd, we ſhould have ſeen him lie here: but, here's no ſign of any hurt done.

Enter Peregreen.

Betty. VVho's there?

Allice. O, Miſtriſs, run away: here are more of the Rogues.

Betty. Thou Coward! I'le at 'em, and fly in their Faces.

Pereg. VVhat? *Betty?*

Betty. Is't you?

Allice. I Miſtriſs; 'tis 'een he, whom you thought to be dead.

Betty. O Lord! I was affraid, y'had been kill'd.

Pereg. No, dear *Betty*; I was only hinder'd from coming at my hour; And I ſent thee word on't ——————But this is no place for us to ſtand talking in. Come, *Betty*; now I have thee in my poſſeſſion, I'le put thee in a ſafe place, farr enough out of the reach of thy Jaylor *Evans*.

Betty. But, VVill you Marry me?

Pereg. Ah *Betty!* VVhy art thou ſo cruel, as to make a doubt on't? I'le rather die, then not Marry thee——————VVhat haſt thou in thy hand there? give me thy Basket; it troubles thee to carry it.

Betty. Then (pray) have a great care on't, and let it not

go

go out of your hands; for, there is a VVriting in't, which I'm told, is worth me a great deale.

Pereg. I warrant you; I'le not part from't.

Enter Sir Salomon *Muffled up in his Cloak.*

VVhose that?——Sir *Salomon?*——Most fortunately met, to relieve me in distress! Here, Sir, I have now my Jewel to consign into your hands; Pray have a care of her, as of my Life. I broke away with violence from my Fathe rto look after this Treasure: But, I'm oblig'd to return immediately to him. Pray, lose no time; but lodge her safely in your House: For, I apprehend the pursuit of old *Evans*. VVithin this hour I hope to be with you. Dear *Betty*, for a little while farewell.

Betty. VVhat? VVill you leave me so soon?

Pereg. I'le be with thee again immediately: In the mean time I leave thee in a Friends hands, who will have the same care of thee that I have. [*Exit* Peregreen.

Sir *Salom.* Gipsy, D'ee know me? [Betty *skreeks.* Keep in your shrill Notes; or I shall stop your VVind-pipe for you. VVhat? Did your Gallant lie stretcht out upon the floor like a Fox, to run away with the Poultry? Once more I have thee in my hands: Let him snap thee again, and I'le forgive him, and thee too——Come away, quickly, y'had best.

[*Exit* Betty, *and Sir* Salomon *into his own Lodging.*

Enter the Constable and Watch with Sir Arthur *in Custody.*

Constable. Hold your self contented; VVee'l not part with you so: You'r a very suspitious Person; for immediately after the Fact committed, we found you running away.

Sir *Arth.* Pray, Mr. Constable, believe me; Indeed I'm an honest Man.

Constable. Clear your self before the Justice, and I'm satisfy'd: But, thither you must.

Sir *Arth.* Am

Sir *Arth.* Am not I finely ſerv'd? Now ſhall I be hang'd for killing my ſelf.

2. *Watchman.* Neighbour, the Rogues, ſince we were here, have carry'd away the Body.

Sir *Arth.* Friend, you are miſtaken; The Body carry'd away it ſelf.

2. *Watchman.* How the Man talks? Sure he's Mad.

3. *Watchman.* I, Neighbour, they that ſhed Man's Blood are commonly ſo: 'Tis a Judgment upon Murtherers.

1. *Watchman.* To what Juſtice ſhall we carry him, Mr. Conſtable?

Conſtable. To Juſtice *Wary*; He's nigheſt at hand.

2. *Watchman.* I, he's as like to get him hang'd, as any Juſtice upon the Bench.

Sir *Arth.* VVhy, Mr. Conſtable; VVhat d'ee mean to do? Upon my reputation I am the Man that was kill'd.

1. *Watchman.* Away, away with him; he's raving mad: *Derick* muſt be his Doctor.

2. *Watchman.* This is the Juſtice his Houſe.

Conſtable. Knock then.

Enter a Servant *of Mr.* VVary's.

Serv. What would you have?

Conſtable. We have apprehended a Man here upon ſuſpition of Murder; and we have brought him to be Examin'd and Committed by his Worſhip.

Serv. That's well: I'le call my Maſter inſtantly; He's but a little way off, at *Grey's*-Inn.

Conſtable. Pray make haſte.

Sir *Arth.* Friend, friend; 'tis I: Don't you know me?

Serv. I know no body, when he's in the hands of Juſtice. My Maſter ſhall be here ſtrait. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Single *and* Julia *at the Corner of the Stage.*

Julia. I did certainly hear Sir *Arthur Addell's* voice. Look, where my Knight is in the Conſtables clutches! Slip you away,

whilst I go see, what the meaning is of this Tragy-Comedy. [*Exit* Single.

Well, Mr. Constable; Who is't, that you have brought hither to my Father?

Const. Madam, A very wicked Man, without doubt: For, here was Murder committed close by; and, presently after we caught him flying away, with as guilty a Countenance as ever I saw: and yet I have seen many in my time.

Julia. A very shrew'd presumption indeed.

Sir *Arth.* But, Madam, Don't you know me? All this while 'tis I, your Husband that must be, whom these Rogues abuse thus.

Julia. I'm the sorrier for't, Sir *Arthur*; that a Man of your Quality should run himself into such Enormities: I thought, you had not been so bloody. And yet, 'tis no more then what your self have confest formerly to me; that, when your Courage is let loose, like a fierce Mastiff-Dog, it falls upon all that comes in it's way.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, but pray, Madam, hear me: Will you mistake the Matter too, like these Clod-pated Rascalls here? I am the very Man, on whose Person all this Murder was committed; for I was set upon by Rogues, that would have kill'd me, but that I prevented 'em———

Julia. How? By killing 'em?

Sir *Arth.* No, no, Madam; by dying my self; or at least making them believe so: At which the Rogues took such a fright for fear of hanging, that away run they; and away went I: Then come the Clutches of the Parish here, and, according to their usual Custome, seise me, who was the Person assaulted, and suffer the Rogues to make their escape.

Constable. A very pretty story indeed! No, no; Mr. *Justice*, when he comes, won't be fob'd off so.

Julia. In troth, Sir *Arthur*, 'tis so intricate a Case, that I can determine nothing in't, till my Fther comes.

Sir *Arth.* Good Madam, make the Slaves release me: I would not for a World be seen in their Company by your Father.

Julia. I vow, Sir, I dare not intrench upon my Fathers Authority: Y'are now in the hands of the Law; and that must either

either quit you, or condemn you. ——— Neighbours, y'had best bring your Prisoner within doors till my Father comes.

Constable. Yes, Madam. Jogge on, Sir.

Sir *Arth.* Ill-natur'd-woman! I'le pay all thy Scores, when once thou art my Wife. [*Exit Sir* Arthur, Julia, *and the Watch.*

Enter Peregreen *and* Single.

Pereg. Ah *Single!* What shall I do? Whil'st I'me happy in the possession of my Mistriss, my Father is so violently bent upon this Match of his own providing, that to oppose him openly in it, would certainly cause as wide a breach in our Family, as is already (unfortunately) in yours. His impatience is such, that he will needs have me see her to night; to which end he tells me, She will immediately be brought to his Lodging. All, I can hope in this business, is, when I see this young Lady, to let her know my former engagement; (that if she be generous) the Treaty may seem to break of her side.

Enter Allice *running in.*

Single. 'Tis your only expedient, as the Case stands.

Allice. O, Sir; my Mistriss *Betty* is stark staring mad: If I had not hindred her, she had thrown her self out at Window; Nor could I have held her hands from doing her self a Mischief, but that I promis'd her to find you out, and let you know, in what condition she is.

Pereg. For Heaven's sake, What's the matter?

Allice. She sayes, y'are the falsest Man living, to betray her thus, and quite undoe her for no other fault, but loving you too much.

Pereg. Thy words are so many Daggers to my heart! What cause can there be for this?

Allice. O Sir, after she had put her self into your hands, why would you deliver her up again to Mr. *Evans?* who now watches her, as a Cat does a Mouse: Sometimes he threatens her, and sometimes he flatters her; and all won't do; for, she's

ready to fly in his Face, and bids him kill her; and ſayes, that ſhe hates him for his own ſake, and all Mankind for yours.

Pereg. I am all horrour, and amazement! But, this cannot be; for, I put her into the hands of your Father, Sir *Salomon Single*.

Allice. Why ſo our Maſter *Evans* is now call'd at the New Houſe where we are. He has chang'd his Name.

Pereg. Chang'd his Name? Are Sir *Salomon* and Mr. *Evans* the ſame Perſon?

Allice. Too ſure.

Pereg. I'm loſt, undone, ruin'd for ever! How fatally blind have I been? and now my Eyes are open'd to ſee nothing, but a vaſt Abiſſe of deſpair! ———

Allice. But, What ſhall I ſay to her? for I dare not ſtay any longer: I venter'd as much as my life is worth, in coming out now.

Pereg. Tell her, *Allice*, That I'le claime her, as my Wife; and that I will not live a day to an end without being poſſeſt of her.

Allice. See you be as good as your word. [*Exit* Allice.

Pereg. Now help me in this extremity! What ſhall I do? How ſhall I keep my word?

Single. I confeſs, my reaſon at firſt was dazled with the ſurpriſe of ſuch a miſtake: But upon reflection, ſince your Miſtriſs has the Courage to reſiſt Marrying my Father, the worſt, that can happen in this matter, is Delay.

Pereg. That's too much for a Lover. But alaſs! I rowe againſt Wind, and Tide, and the double oppoſition of both our Fathers.

Single. There being a Promiſe of Marriage between you and *Betty*, y'ave the Law o' your ſide againſt my Father; and, with your own, I hope, Nature will be your Friend. But, you told me of a certain Writing, which Mrs. *Betty* gave you to keep: Have you lookt upon't? Perhaps you may find ſomething in't that may be uſeful to you in this preſent conjuncture.

Pereg. Alaſs; I've had no time to look upon't. Here 'tis.

[*He takes it out.*

Enter Sir Salomon, *and Mr.* Woodland *discoursing.*

Single. Forbear. Both our Fathers are here.

Sir *Salom.* Whatever you do, Sir, maintain the Authority of a Father; And, since you have provided so considerable a Match for him, make sure whil'st you may.

Woodl. I owe you much for your Friendly advice; which I intend to follow; And, in order thereunto, I have now desir'd this conference with you.

Pereg. See, how he still labours to destroy me!

[*To* Single *apart.*

Woodl. O Son; Are you there? 'Tis very well. Your Mistriss will be here presently.

Sir *Salom.* But Sir, have a care, that ill Company seduce him not from his Obedience: They'l put a thousand Flams in his head. [*Sir* Salomon *whispers to* Woodland.

Single. Faith, *Peregreen,* I must take pitty of my Father, and remove: For, I'm too great an eye-sore to him. I must needs see what's become of Sir *Arthur,* whom I left in a pleasant posture, attended by the Constable, and the Watch. But I'le be back immediately. [*Exit* Single.

Whilst Sir Salomon *and Mr.* Woodland *conferr together,* Peregreen *reads the Writing.*

Mr. *Woodl.* I protest, Sir, I'm sorry to hear y'are so unfortunate in your Son, of whom, in other respects, I've heard a very good Character given.

Sir *Salom.* 'Tis as I tell you; Therefore have a care of yours——— [*They whisper on.*

Enter Wary, Barter, *and* Servant.

Wary. Go tell the Constable, that, if he be in haste, he may bring his Pris'ner hither; for I'm engag'd, and cannot come.

[*Exit* Servant.

Pereg. Ah Heaven! I did not want [*Meaning the Writing.*

this

this farther Evidence to let me see from what State of happiness I'm fall'n into the bottom of despair.

Wary. Mr. *Barter*, I must confess, that the health and prosperity of my Friend, after so long a despair of his being alive, is the greatest joy of my life.

Barter. I owe much to Heaven in my preservation, and not a little to my Friends for their concern in it: But, Sir, the favour I aske at present, is this; I have a business of great importance with one Sir *Salomon Single*, a person unknown to me: And, because you are my only acquaintance of Credit and Note here in Town, I desire your presence and assistance in it.

Wary. You may command me——Very fortunately there is the Party you wish for, Sir *Salomon Single*.

Sir *Salom.* Therefore, Sir, be not delay'd with Excuses, but dispatch it instantly.

Woodl. Sir, I thank you; Your Counsel shall be follow'd.

Pereg. How he persecutes me to death! [*apart.*

Barter. Sir, though I'm a stranger to your Person, yet I suppose Mr. *Woodland* may now have inform'd you of a match concluded between his Son and my Daughter.

Sir *Salom.* Sir, he has inform'd me of a considerable Fortune, which his Fatherly care has provided for his Son; for which I heartily give him joy; And if your Daughter be the intended Bride, I give you the like; and shall take this, as a happy rise to begin our acquaintance. Methinks, Gentlemen, matters of so happy a Consequence can never be dispatcht too soon: I see no reason why the Wedding should not be to morrow.

Pereg. How implacable is his Rage!

Barter. Agreed.

Woodl. Agreed.

Barter. Then, Sir *Salomon*, there wants nothing to complete what you in so friendly manner advise, and we so passionatly desire, but your concurrance: For my Daughter, I understand, is in your Custody; who took her out of the Nurses hands, with whom I left her before my Voyage into the *Indies*.

Sir *Salom.* Ha! What's this? [*apart.*

Barter. When you receiv'd her, she might well appear to be an

an object of your Charity; All my Friends at that time gave me for loſt, in regard the Ship, which tranſported me, foundred at Sea: And the ſeveral accidents of my life ſince have hindred me from giving them an account of my ſafety. But, the bounty of Heaven having now at laſt reſtor'd me to my Country, my Eſtate, and my Child, I ſhall make you ample compenſation for the charge of her Breeding, with infinite thanks for your Care of her.

Pereg. Sir! let me fall down, and ask you the greateſt bleſſing that Man can receive! Is that Mrs. *Betty*, in the Cuſtody of Sir *Salomon*, your Daughter? And is it ſhe, whom Heaven, and you have deſign'd for my Wife?

Barter. The very ſame.

Sir *Salom.* Sir, the Story you tell, is no ſufficient Evidence for me, to relinquiſh that right of adoption, which I have in her.

Barter. For your fuller ſatisfaction here is the Nurſe her ſelf, who calls you Landlord, from whoſe hands you receiv'd my Daughter——Pray call her in. [*Exit* Servant.

Sir *Salom.* However, ſhe's already my Wife; And, as ſuch, I'le keep her.

Enter Timothy, *and* Ralph *in haſte.*

Timothy. The young Lady, Sir, in ſpight of all our Vigilance, has made an eſcape in company of the Maid Servant that waits on her: They leap'd out at a lower window into the Street, and took their flight this way.

Sir *Salom.* 'Tis in vain to ſtruggle any longer againſt the Perverſeneſs of Fate! [*Apart.*

Enter Betty *and* Allice *running.*

Betty to Peregreen. False, and hard-hearted Man! Why would'ſt thou betray her, who did thee no hurt, and meant thee ſo well? Here, ſatisfie thy Mallice, and kill me thy ſelf, rather then deliver me over to be tormented by Mr. *Evans.*

Pereg. Ah, dear *Betty*! be not ſo cruel, to make a Crime of that

that Error which I have ſmarted ſo deeply for. However, if by miſtake I put thee into the hands of thy Jaylor (to make thee amends) I now (knowingly) reſtore thee to the embraces of thy Father; That ſo by his gift I may confirm the Title of my love.

Betty. Is this my Father?

Enter Servant, *and* Nurſe.

Nurſe. Pretty, ſweet Miſtriſs! How glad am I to ſee you grown ſo proper a young Woman? God's bleſſing on my Landlords heart, Sir *Salomon* there, for giving you ſuch good keeping: And, Miſtriſs, I hope, now your Fathers Worſhip is come home again, he'l provide a good Husband for you.

Betty. Art thou ſure, *Nurſe*, this is my Father?

Nurſe. I'm ſure he told me ſo above a dozen years ago.

Betty. I do believe it; for methinks, at firſt ſight I lov'd him better, then ever I lov'd any old Man in my life. Pray, Sir, give me your Bleſſing.

Barter. Take it (my only Child) and with it this Gentleman for thy Husband; who, I perceive, is no unwellcome Preſent to you.

Sir *Salom.* Heart, ſince thou needs muſt break, go, break alone, And rob 'em of the pleaſure to look on. [*Exit Sir* Salom. & Tim.

Ralph. Miſtriſs, Miſtriſs! As ſure as can be, our Maſter *Evans* is gone to die in a Corner, like a poiſon'd Rat behind the Hangings.

Betty. Follow him, *Ralph*; and take care of him.

Ralph. No, I thank you, good Miſtriſs. If he be gone to die, I'le 'een ſtay with you: The living are better Company then the dead.

Enter Julia, Single, *Sir* Arthur, Conſtable *and* Watch.

Conſtable. Gentlemen, by'r leave; His Majeſties buſineſs muſt take place, and be firſt ſerv'd. Is Juſtice *Wary* here?

Wary. Well,

Wary. Well, Friend; What would you?

Conſtable. I've brought a dangerous Perſon before your Worſhip upon ſuſpition of Murther.

Wary. What? Sir *Arthur?* Is this the Equipage you Woo my Daughter in?

Sir *Arth.* If you don't puniſh theſe Rogues for abuſing me thus, I'le have nothing to do with the Daughter of a Juſtice as long as my name is *Arthur.*

Wary. I muſt puniſh no body for duly executing his Office. Let me hear the Matter.

Conſtable. Upon an Out-cry of Murder, we preſently run to the place; where we found a Man ſtretcht all along, to our ſeeming dead: Preſently after we met this Sir *Arthur* (as he calls himſelf) running away at a very guilty rate. Hereupon we ſeiz'd him; and now your Worſhip may do with him as you think beſt.

Julia. Pray, Sir, let me ſpeak a good word for him: I dare ſwear, Sir *Arthur* is not guilty of Murder.

Single. Meeting my Friend in diſtreſs, I could not chuſe but come, and offer to be his Bail.

Wary. Not ſo faſt————This ſmells of a Trick———— What ſay you, Sir *Arthur?*

Sir *Arthur.* Why, I ſay, I was the Man, that was ſet upon, that cry'd Murder, that lay dead, and now am apprehended for it.

Wary. And were you the Man that run away too after you were dead?

Sir *Arthur.* Yes, mary, was I; and ſo would you have done too, good Mr. Juſtice, had you been in my place.

Wary. It may be ſo. *Conſtable,* you may releaſe your Pris'ner, and go home.

Sir *Arthur.* And, Is this all the ſatisfaction I ſhall have for the affront done me?

Pereg. Pray, Sir, let me entreat you to do him all the right you can; for, by ſome Circumſtances in this matter, I have reaſon to fear, theſe ſufferings have befall'n him upon my account.

Sir *Arthur.* Yes, marry, have they; a Pox oth' Employ-

ment you put me upon. If ever I carry Love Letter more for you, or any man living, you shall write Letters in my Forehead with a hot Iron.

Pereg. But, Did this Misfortune happen to you at the House, where I directed you?

Sir *Arthur.* Just there, as if y'had sent me for that very purpose. I had no sooner knockt, but out fly four Men, or Devils (I can't tell which) and having told me, That my sin was Letchery, (which I vow now I did not know till then) they tormented my Carcass at such a rate, as would have quickly mortify'd for ever all concupiscence in me.

Pereg. Sir *Arthur*, I am bound in honour to be more then ordinary sensible of your disaster; For I was not only the occasion of it (though innocently) but all this Tempest, which fell upon you, was prepar'd and design'd for me. And, to shew you my resentment of it, I have a Sister at home, a holsome Country Girle, whom, (with my Fathers leave) I here offer you for a Wife.

Sir *Arth.* Thank'ee heartily, Sir; No, I am very well provided already: Look'ee here else. [*Pointing to* Julia.

Pereg. Pray, Sir, let me prevent your falling into farther mistakes, which may prove dangerous to you; I can assure you, this Lady is no Wife for you. She's Town-bred, and after she's marry'd must live in London, which is a place in many respects very inconvenient for you. By the vertue of strong Beer, and Fourteen hundred a year, you may do very well in the Country, and pass for an honest substantial man amongst your Neighbours; and stand for Burgess in the next Election.

Single. What can his meaning be in this? [*apart.*

Sir *Arth.* Pish, pish: Keep your good Counsell to your self, and your Sister too. I can't but wonder at the confidence of People; every body now a dayes takes upon him to be my Governour.

Wary. Mr. *Peregreen* (methinks) y'are very forward, and positive in ordering matters, which concern you not. Y'are to know, that a Treaty of Marriage is already fixt between Sir *Arthur* and my Daughter; The Writings are actually drawing: And will you, that are a Stranger, and not call'd to Counsell, interpose in a Business of this Nature? *Pereg.*

Pereg. Sir, when you know my reaſon for it, I hope I ſhall not deſerve your Cenſure. This Mr. *Single*, and your Daughter (to my certain knowledge) are mutually engag'd to one another; and there wants nothing but your conſent to make 'em both happy.

Wary. Yes, Faith, there wants an Eſtate too.

Pereg. 'Tis true; but, when that want's remov'd, your conſent muſt follow. Now, Sir, it has pleas'd Heaven to put the power in my hands of ſerving my Friend on this important occaſion. Behold an abſolute Gift and Conveiance of his Fathers Eſtate upon my *Betty*; Here, Sir, I give it you freely: And what in Law ſhall be farther requir'd for the Confirmation of it from *Betty* and me, ſhall be done hereafter.

Single. I ſtand amaz'd at my own happineſs! Nor can I determine, whether this ſtrange Revolution, or your Generoſity, have more of Miracle in it.

Julia to Wary. Now, Sir, give me leave to own an Engagement to this Gentleman, which the fear of diſpleaſing you has hitherto made me conceal.

Wary. I dare not reſiſt the will of Heaven, which ſhews it ſelf in the wonderfull turne of Affairs, which this day has produc'd. Daughter, enjoy your Love; and my bleſſing go along with it.

Sir *Arth.* Now have I brought my Hogs to a fair Market: I take other mens beatings upon my ſelf, and they take my Miſtriſs to themſelves.

Pereg. Sir *Arthur*, you need not be unprovided, if you pleaſe, my Siſter is ſtill at your ſervice.

Sir *Arthur.* I vow I could find in my heart to Marry her out of ſpight: then will I be reveng'd by Proxy; and make her bones feel, what mine have ſuffer'd for you.

Pereg. For all this, I'le venter her Perſon, if you'l venter yours.

Sir *Arthur.* Say you ſo? Faith if I like her when I ſee her (upon the foreſaid termes) have at her.

Pereg. Why ſo now; here's a Match begins in anger, and who knows but it may end in love; ſince moſt of thoſe that I have been acquainted with, begin in Love, and end in Warr.

Wary. All our buſineſs being ſo happily concluded, 'tis time———

Allice. No indeed, Sir; My buſineſs is yet to do. Methinks, ere the Market break up, ſome Proviſion ſhould be made for me too.

Ralph. In troth, now ſhe talkes of Proviſion, I begin to grow hungry too. Faith, Miſtriſs, I ſee when your belly's full, you care not what becomes of the Waiters.

Allice. We ſtuck cloſe to you all the time of your Wooing; and ſure they that tend the Roſte, deſerve one warme bit off o'th Spit.

Ralph. I never turn'd the Spit in my Life, but I was allow'd my Sop in the Dripping-pan.

Pereg. I proteſt, *Betty*, thy old Servants here have juſt cauſe of Complaint againſt thee. Come *Allice*; give me thy hand: And, *Betty*, do you take *Ralph*; and let's joyn 'em together. Theſe two were cut out (Bodies and Souls) for one an other.

Allice. I ſhall never love that ſlobbering Fellow there: An' he were but half ſo handſome, as your Worſhip——

Ralph *cringes, and looks amorouſly on Mrs.* Betty, *and* Allice *does the ſame to* Peregreen.

Ralph. Pretty ſweet Miſtriſs (to confeſs the truth) when I look upon you, that greaſie Wench turnes my Stomack.

Single. This muſt needs be an happy Match; they meet with ſuch equall affection.

Pereg. At firſt hunting, like Whelps newly enter'd, they'r apt to change; but, when they'r well fleſht, they'l grow ſtanch.

Betty. Honeſt *Ralph*, you muſt not be ſo ſquemiſh: I can aſſure you, *Allice* there deſerves every inch of you.

Pereg. Come *Allice*; of all thy kindneſs to me, I here make a Deed of Gift to *Ralph*.

Ralph *and* Allice *joyn hands together.*

Ralph. What muſt be, muſt be. Hunger makes any thing go down.

Allice. For my part, I declare, 'tis a Match of my Friends making.

making; and, if it do otherwiſe then well, let them anſwer for it.

Wary. This being done, we muſt now conſider theſe Gentlemen, who have been Travellers to day. Wee'l execute to morrow, what this Night has concluded, to the ſatisfaction of all Parties, except Sir *Salomon Single*;

Whoſe diſappointed Stratagems adviſe,
To ſhun the dangerous Sin of being too Wiſe:
For, as Extremes on Globes at laſt muſt touch,
So Wit in Folly centers, when too much.
Love Changes Natures order: in his School
The young are VViſe; The old Man is the Fool.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The

THE EPILOGUE.

Since Stealing's grown a pretty, thriving Trade,
Which many Rich, but few has Guilty made,
To needy Poets, *Why should you deny*
The Privileedge to steal, as well as lie?
Their Theft (alass) swell's not the Nation's Debt,
Nor, makes Wine dear, nor will Land-taxe beget.
Mony they always wanted; Now they grow
Noless in Fancy, then in Fortune, low;
And are compell'd to rook, as Gamesters are,
That can hold out no longer on the Square.
Faith, be good natur'd to this hungry Crew,
Who, what they filch abroad, bring home to you.
But still exclude those Men from all Relief,
Who steal themselves, yet boldly cry, Stop Thief:
Like taking Judges, these without remorse
Condemn all petty Thefts, and practise worse;
As if they robb'd by Patent, and alone
Had right to call each Forreign Play their own.
What we have brought before you, was not meant
For a new Play, but a new President;
For we with Modesty our Theft avow,
(There is some Conscience shewn in stealing too)
And openly declare, that if our Cheer
Does hit your Pallats, you must thank Molliere:
Molliere, *the famous* Shakspear *of this Age,*
Both when he Writes, and when he treads the Stage.
I hope this Stranger's Praise gives no pretence
To charge us with a National Offence;
Since, were it in my power, I would advance
French *Wit in* England, English *Armes in* France.

FINIS.

FEB 25 1918